

NEW MASSES

MAY 1931

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We're Going to Have a Party!

New Masses has completed its 5 year plan. We're celebrating. Full steam ahead for the next 5 years! Good evidence of proletarian life and vitality. A swell reason for a party, music, songs, dancing and a speech or two for "short measure" (they'd better be short. . . .) Meet our readers, contributing editors of New Masses, the staff, writers, artists, poets, critics and whathavewe.

*Program at 8:30 P.M. Sharp
Dancing Begins at 10:30 P. M.*



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NEW MASSES

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AGNES SMEDLEY

SHAN-FEI, COMMUNIST

This is the story of Shan-fei, daughter of a rich land-owner of Hunan, China. Once she went to school and wore silk dresses and had a fountain-pen. But then she became a Communist and married a peasant leader. In the years that followed she—but I will begin from the beginning—

Her mother is the beginning. A strange woman. She was old-fashioned, had bound feet, and appeared to bow her head to every wish of her husband who held by all that was old and feudal. Yet she must have been rebellious. She watched her sons grow up, go to school, and return with new ideas. Some of these ideas were about women—women with natural feet, who studied as did men, who married only when and whom they wished. When her sons talked, the mother would sit listening, her eyes on her little daughter, Shan-fei, kicking in her cradle. And long thoughts came to her. What those thoughts were we do not know—but we know that at least she died for the freedom of her daughter.

This battle was waged behind the high stone walls that surround many a rich Chinese landlords home. The enemy was her husband and his brothers. And the mother's weapons were the ancient weapons of subjected women—tears, entreaties, intrigue, cunning. At first she won but one point—her husband consented to Shan-fei's education—provided the teacher was an old fashioned man who came to the home and taught only the Chinese characters. But Shan-fei's feet must be bound in accordance with ancient custom, and she must be betrothed in marriage according to ancient custom. So the child's feet were bound, and she was betrothed to the weakling son of a rich neighbor, a corrupt old man with many concubines.

Until Shan-fei was eleven years of age, her father ruled as tyrants rule. But then he suddenly died. Perhaps it was a natural death, and perhaps Shan-fei's mother wept sincere tears. Yet the funeral was not finished before the bandages were taken off the feet of the little girls, and the earth on the grave was still damp when Shan-fei was put in a modern school one hundred *li* away.

But even though the bandages were removed, the little feet had already been crippled by five years of binding, and the half dead, useless toes remained, bent under the feet like stones, to handicap the girl throughout her life.

Anyway, the bandages were gone, and with them the symbol of one form of enslavement. There remained the betrothal to the rich man's son. Such betrothals in China are legally binding, and parents who break them can be summoned to court and

heavily punished just as if they had committed a dangerous crime. Shan-fei's mother, however, seemed have tendencies that the feudal-minded ones called criminal. For she was suspected of plotting and intriguing to break the engagement. Worse still, it was rumored that she did not advise Shan-fei to be obedient as girls should be, but that she encouraged her to be free and rebellious. This rumour spread like fire when the news came that Shan-fei had led a student's strike against the corrupt administration of her school. She was nearing sixteen at the time, the proper age for marriage. Yet she was expelled in disgrace from the school, and returned home with her head high and proud. And her mother, instead of subduing her, whispered with her alone, and then merely transferred her to a larger and still more modern school in far-away Wuchang on the Yangtze, where rumour further had it that she was becoming notorious as a leader in the students' movements. Furthermore, men and women students studied together!

Things became so bad that at last the rich landlord filed a legal suit against Shan-fei's mother, and summoned her to court, charged with plotting to prevent the marriage. But the old lady defended herself most cunningly, and even convinced the court that all she desired was a postponement of the marriage for another two years. She convinced the judge—but not the landlord. And, as was the custom, he called to his aid the armed gentry of the countryside; and when Shan-fei returned home from her vacation that year, they made an attempt to capture her by force. They failed and Shan-fei escaped and remained in Wuchang for another year. When she returned home again, her capture was again attempted. With the aid of her mother, she again escaped, hid in the homes of peasants, and returned by devious ways to Wuchang, never to return again. When she reached Wuchang, however, the news of her mother's death had preceded her. Perhaps the death was also natural—perhaps not. Shan-fei says it was—that her mother died from the misery of the long-drawn out struggle and family feud. "She died for my sake," she says, and in her manner is no trace of tearful sentimentality, but only a proud inspiration.

Shan-fei's school comrades tried to prevent her from returning home for the funeral. But this was more than the death of a mother—it was the death of a pioneer for woman's freedom. And Shan-fei, being young and unafraid and a bit proud that she had escaped the old forces twice, thought she could defeat them again. Lest anything did happen, she laid plans with her school comrades in the Students Union that they should look for her and help her

escape if she did not return to Wuchang within a certain period.

The body of the old mother had scarcely been laid to rest when Shan-fei's ancestral home was surrounded by armed men and she was violently captured and taken to her father-in-law's home, where she was imprisoned in the bridal suit and left to come to her senses. She did not come to her senses, but instead, starved for one week. Her hunger strike was broken only by another woman rebel within this landlord's family. This woman was the first wife of the landlord, whom the Chinese call "Mother" to distinguish her from his concubines. This old lady watched and listened to this strange, rebellious, rich girl, around whom a battle had been waged for years, and also used the ancient wiles of a woman to gain the girl's freedom. This freedom, granted by the landlord, meant only the right to move about within the home and the compound, but did not extend beyond the high surrounding walls. In China, however, few or no secrets can be kept, and news travels on the wind. Perhaps that is how one girl and two men students from Wuchang happened to come to the neighborhood and bribed a servant to carry messages to Shan-fei. Anyway, one late evening Shan-fei mounted the wall by some means and disappeared into the dusk on the other side. That night she and her friends rode by starlight toward Wuchang.

This was the late summer of 1926, and China was swept by winds of revolution. Soon the southern armies lay siege to Wuchang. And Shan-fei gave up her studies and went to the masses. She became a member of the Communist Youth, and in this work she met a peasant leader whom she loved and who was loved by the peasants. She defied the old customs that bound her by law to the rich landlord's son, and announced her free marriage to the man she loved. And from that day down to the present moment, her life has been as deeply elemental as are the struggles of mother earth. She has lived the life of the poorest peasant worker, dressed as they dress, eaten as they eat, worked as they work, and has faced death with them on many a battle-front. Even while bearing her unborn child within her womb, she threw all her boundless energy into the revolution, and when her child was born, she took it on her back and continued her work. In those days, the Kuomintang and the Communist Parties still worked together, and as one of the most active woman revolutionaries, Shan-fei was sent back to her ancestral home as head of the Woman's Department of the Kuomintang. There she was further made a member of the Revolutionary Tribunal that tried the enemies of the revolution and that confiscated the lands of the rich landlords and distributed them among the poor peasants. She helped confiscate all the lands of her own family and the family of her former fiancé.

When the revolution became a social revolution, the Communists and the Kuomintang split, and the dread White Terror began, claiming tens of thousands of revolting peasants and workers. The militarists and the feudal landlords returned to power. Shan-fei's family and the family of her fiancé asked the Kuomintang for her arrest. And this order was issued. It meant death for herself and her child. Two women and three men who worked with her were captured, the women's breasts were cut off, and all five were beheaded in the streets. But the workers bored air-holes in a coffin, placed Shan-fei and her baby inside, and carried them through the heavily-guarded gates of the city out into the grave-yard beyond the walls. And from there she began her journey to Wuchang. Once she was captured because her short hair betrayed her as a revolutionary; but with her baby in her arms, she pleaded her innocence, and was released.



William Hernandez

The boss is my shepherd, I shall not want.

She reached the Wuhan cities only to be ordered by the Communist Party to return to the thick of the fight in western Hunan during the harvest struggle when the peasants armed themselves, refused to pay rent or taxes, and began the confiscation of the lands of the landlords. Shan-fei was with them during the days; at night she slept in the forests on the hills, about her the restless bodies of those who dared risk no night in their homes. Then troops were sent against them. The peasants were defeated, thousands slain, and the others disarmed. Again Shan-fei returned to Wuhan. But again she was sent back in the thick of the struggle. This time, however, she went, presumably as a Kuomintang member, to a city held by the militarists. Beyond the city walls were peasant armies. Inside, Shan-fei worked openly as the head of the Woman's Department of the Kuomintang secretly, she carried on propaganda amongst the troops and the workers. Then in this city the chief of the Judicial Department met her and fell in love with her. He was a rich militarist, but she listened carefully to his love-making and did not forget to ask him about the plans to crush the peasants. He told her—and she sent the news to the peasant army beyond. And one of the leaders in this army beyond was her husband. At last the peasants attacked the city. And inside, so bold had Shan-fei become in her propaganda amongst the troops, that she was arrested, imprisoned and condemned to death. She sent for the official who was in love with her. He listened to her denials, he believed them, released her and enabled her to leave the city. But the peasant army was defeated and amongst those who emerged alive was her husband, who at last found her in Wuhan.

Shan-fei was next put in charge of technical work of the Party, setting type and printing. She would lay her child on the table by her side and croon to it as she worked. Then one day her home was raided by soldiers. Her husband was away and she had stepped out for a few minutes only. From afar she saw the soldiers guarding her house. A hours later she crept back to find her child. The soldiers had thrown it in a pail of water and left it to die. Not all the tender care of herself and her husband could hold the little thing to life. Shan-fei's husband dried her bitter tears with his face—and Shan-fei turned to her work again.

Some things happen strangely. And one day this happened to Shan-fei: she went to visit the principal of the school where she had once been a student, and decided to remain for the night. With the early dawn the next morning, she was awakened by many shouting voices. She imagined she heard her husband's voice amongst them. She sat up and listened and heard distinctly the shouts; "We die for the sake of Communism! Long live the Revolution!" Her friend covered her ears with a pillow and exclaimed: "Each day they bring Communists here to shoot or behead them—they are using that big space as an execution ground!" A series of volleys rang out, and the shouting voices were silenced. Shan-fei arose and blindly made her way to the execution grounds. The soldiers were marching away and only a small crowd of onlookers stood staring stupidly at the long row of dead bodies. Shan-fei stumbled down the line—and turned over the warm body of her dead husband.

The net of the White Terror closed in on Shan-fei until she was ordered to leave Wuhan. She went from city to city on the Yangtze, working in factories, organizing women and children. Never could she keep a position for long, because her crippled feet made it impossible for her to stand at a machine for twelve or fourteen hours a day. In the summer of 1929 she was again fighting with the peasants in Hunan. Sent into Changsha, one day, she was captured, together with the two men Communists, one a



William Hernandez

The boss is my shepherd, I shall not want.

peasant leader. She sat in prison for six months, and was released then only because some new militarists overthrew the old, and in revenge freed many prisoners. But they did not free the peasant leader. Shan-fei bribed a prison guard and was permitted to see him before she left. About his neck, his waist, his ankles and his wrists, are iron bands, and these are connected with iron chains. The life of such prisoners in China is said to be two years. Shan-fei herself was not chained. But she emerged from prison with a skin disease, with stomach trouble, with an abscess, and she was a pasty white from anemia. In this condition she returned to the peasantry and took up her fight. And in the spring of 1930 she was sent as a peasant delegate to the All-China Soviet Congress. Friends afterwards put her in a hospital and she was operated on for the abscess. During this period she kept the translation of Marxian studies under her pillow, and she once remarked: "Now I have time to study *theory*."

There are those who will ask: "Is Shan-fei young and beautiful?"

Shan fei is twenty-five years of age. Her skin is dark and her face broad; her cheekbones are high. Her eyes are as black as midnight, but they glisten and seem to see through a darkness that is darker than the midnight in China. She is squarely built like a peasant and it seems that it would be very difficult to push her off the earth—so elemental is she, so firmly rooted to the earth. Beautiful? I do not know—is the earth beautiful?

Shanghai, China

Pullers of Switches

Note.—Eight young unemployed Negro workers, all of them under twenty, have been sentenced in Scotsboro, Ala., to die in the electric chair July 10 on the trumped up charge of attacking white women.

8
8 black boys going to the electric chair.
8 black bodies chained, beaten, kicked around (only niggers anyhow).

And 12 white men, 12 men good and true, returning to their wives, their real estate and groceries (Lord, thy will be done).

Business as usual.

**YOU ARE NOW IN SCOTSBORO
SPEED LIMIT 20 MILES AN HOUR**

8 Corpses In 5 Minutes.

Only niggers anyhow.

O Alabama, ripe with sunlight, blossoming with cotton and nigger-fruit hanging from trees,

You do it quicker now, cleaner—the electric dagger plunging into the blood and—
Show's over.

No sweat. No grime. No gore. Clean as a whistle (8 corpses in 5 minutes).

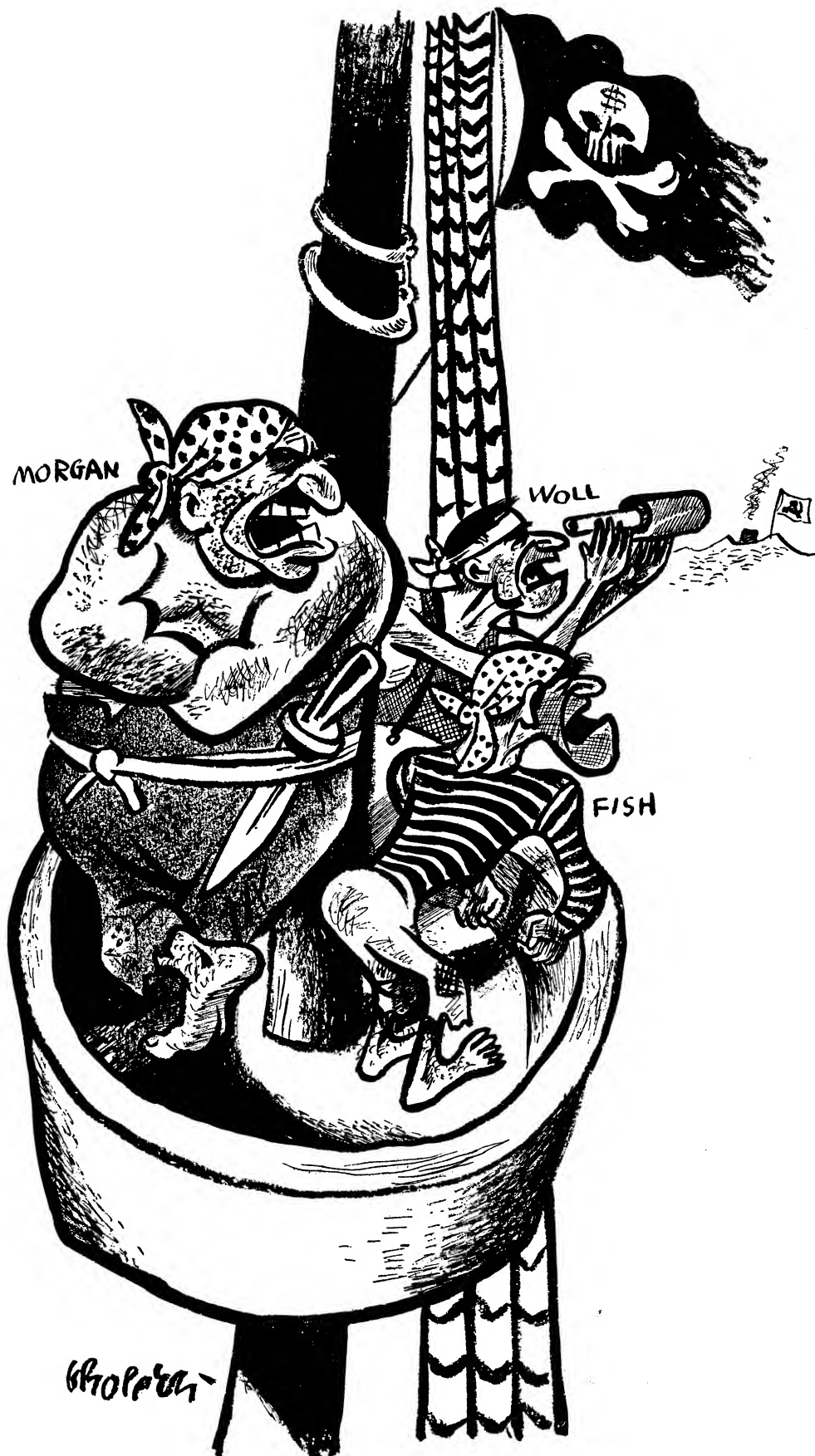
And 12 white men, 12 men good and true, returning to their wives, their real estate and groceries (Lord, thy will be done).

Pullers of electric switches, owners of wives and real estate and groceries,

what if we cheat you of your feast, what if today, this hour in a million hearts an electric current should flare up,

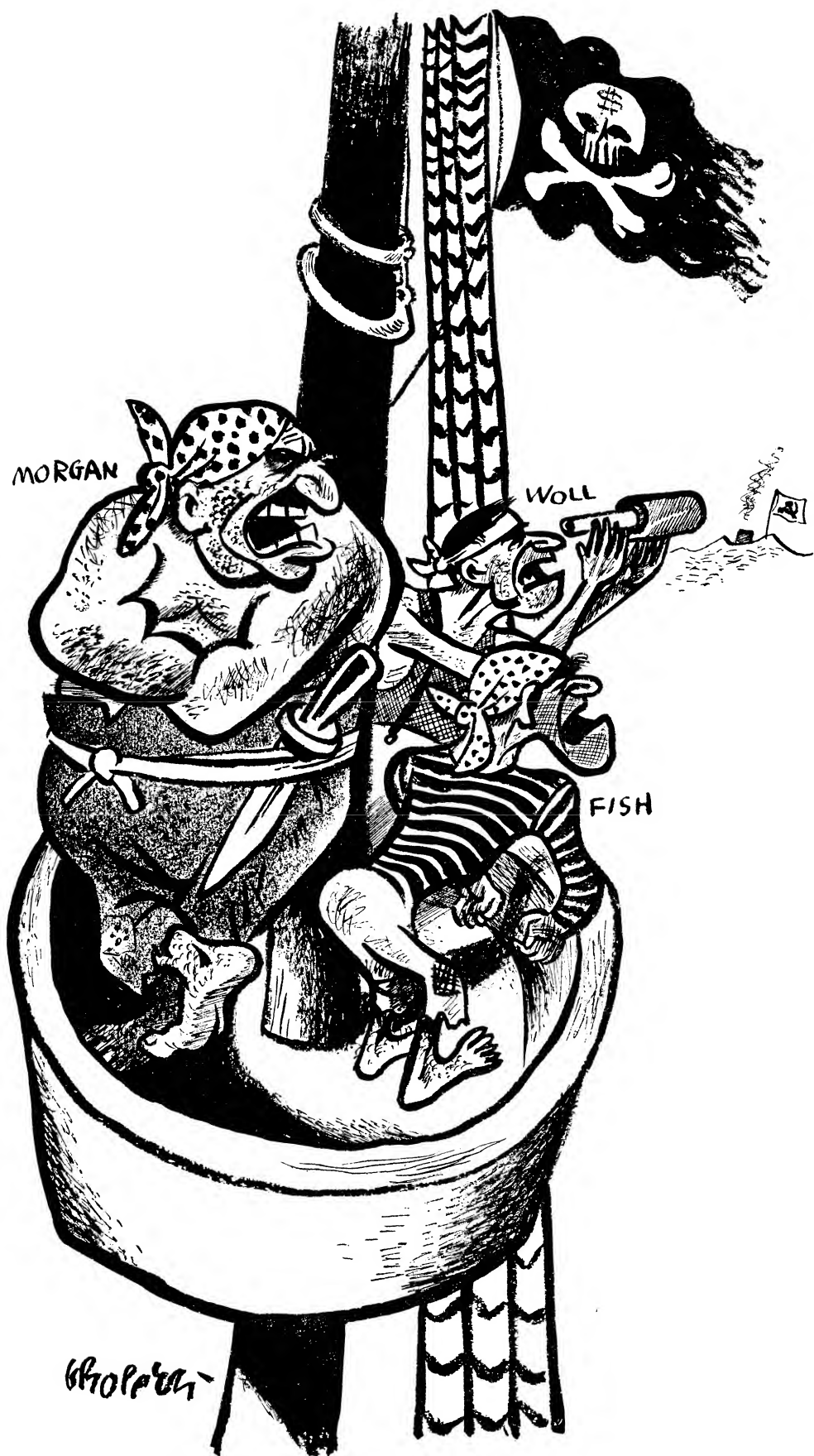
leaping from hand to hand, welding the million hands into one hot invincible hand—today, this hour—the hand that is pulling the switch where the rotting lynch-world sits?

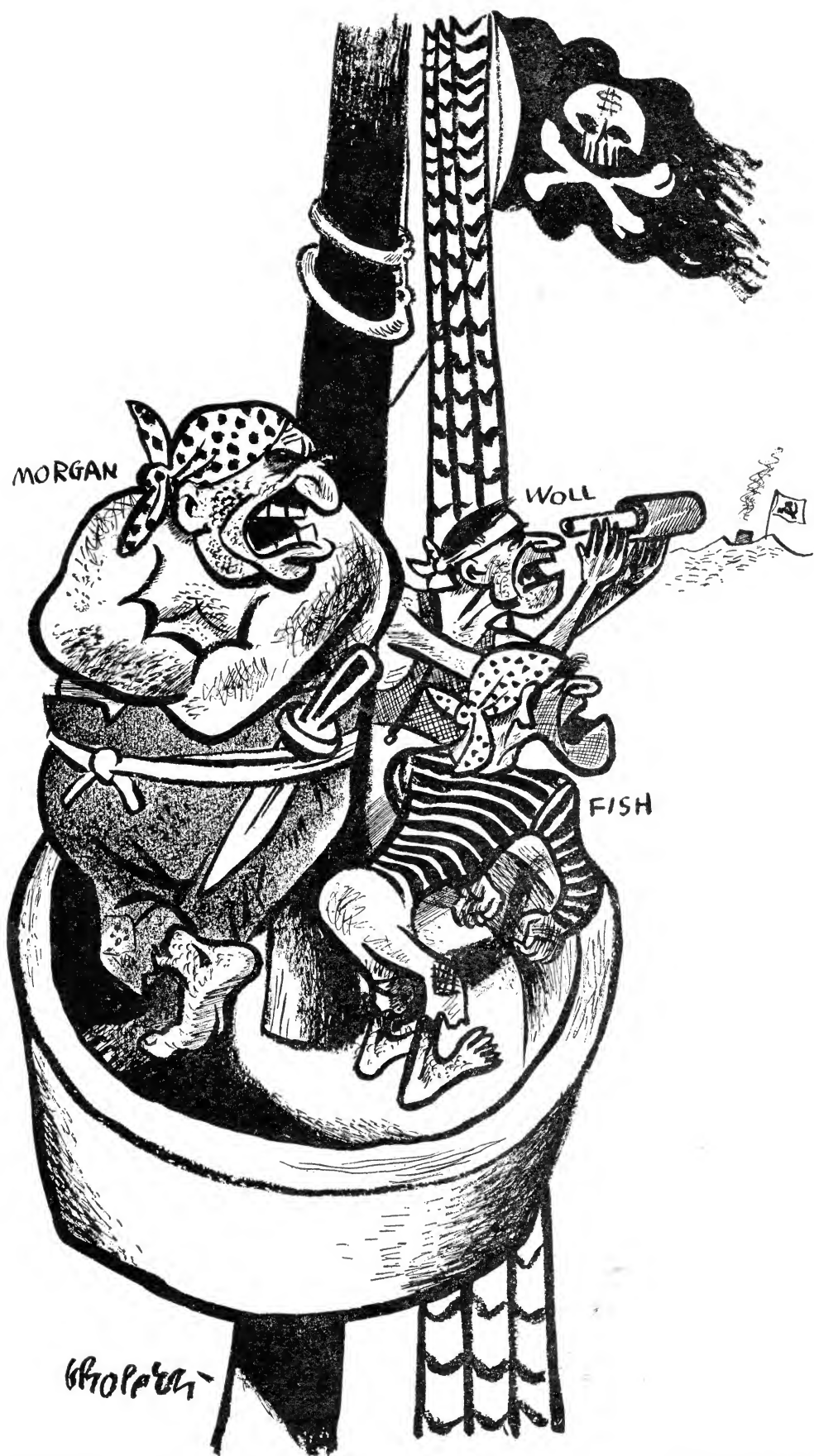
A. B. MAGIL



PIRATES

William Gropper





ESTHER LOWELL

CALIFORNIA PREFERS HANGING

Why is California champion jailer of militant workers?

That's one superlative title the golden state boosters do not include in their public advertising.

Ever since I visited J. B. McNamara at San Quentin the question has been revolving in my mind. McNamara is serving his twenty-first year in prison and is San Quentin's oldest ranking prisoner.

He is a tall, thin man, with straightforward steely-blue eyes, and his ash-blond hair shows no grey. For seventeen years his cell has been in the block of the condemned. When I asked what his present job is, he replied with a wry smile:

"Bringing food to the condemned—to fatten them up." (California clings to hanging).

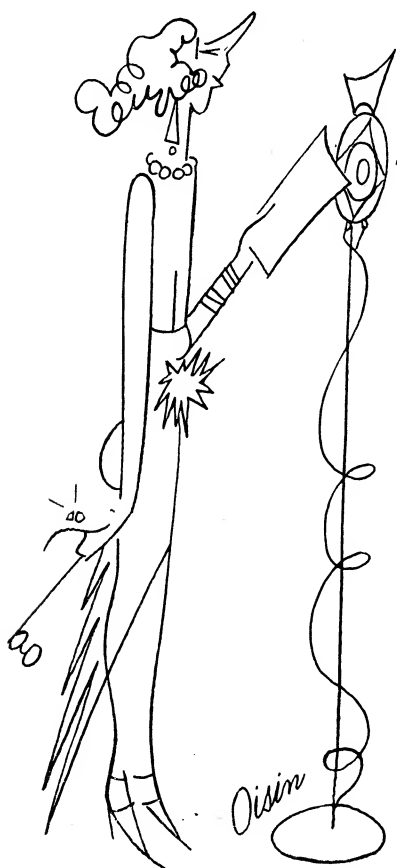
With McNamara, Matthew Schmidt is also serving a life sentence in connection with the explosion at the *Los Angeles Times* Building in 1910. But "Schmitty" is quite a different personality, equally staunch and intelligent, but more jovial. He can joke even with a stupid guard. He is an expert mechanic and engineer; recently surveyed the prison jute mill and ordered complete new equipment to replace forty-eight year old machinery.

"No one will touch our case," said McNamara. "Afraid of the guilty plea. They won't explain how it was made, and why."

"What can you do with our case if Mooney, an innocent man, is still held?"

McNamara has the highest regard for Mooney. As soon as we shook hands over the low barrier dividing visitors from prisoners in the reception room, he asked why I had not called for Mooney instead. For fifteen minutes he talked of Mooney and I couldn't put in the thinnest word wedge to inquire about himself.

"I wouldn't trade Tom Mooney for a dozen of the present crop of labor chiefs," McNamara declared emphatically. "But I've always told Tom there was no hope in California state officials. I said it was no use to expect anything from the state labor movement."



"Good Night and God bless you!"

"My brother and I didn't speak for a couple of years over the Mooney case", admitted McNamara. The brother, J. J., was—and is—an official of the Union of Bridge Structural and Ornamental Ironworkers. He served fifteen years in San Quentin for the *Times* explosion.

"When Mooney was being framed and I saw what the labor officials were doing to Tom, I told the brother I wanted to cut loose," McNamara continued. "I told him I'd like to bring the whole gang over to San Quentin. But he didn't want to mix in it."

So Mooney joined McNamara and Schmidt at Quentin, after his life was spared by the president's intervention, when pressure came from organized workers all over the world.

For fourteen years the men inside have protected those who let them "take the rap." Now comes a hot blast from the Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee in a new pamphlet entitled *Labor Leaders Betray Tom Mooney*.

In the open letter to Warren Billings which prefaces the pamphlet, Mooney makes it plain that the betrayal includes, besides himself, all of the labor prisoners in California penitentiaries.

"The major labor leaders have not only betrayed us, sabotaged our defense, and vilified our characters; they have been equally villainous toward other militant workers. Did the A. F. of L. make any effort to prevent Sacco-Vanzetti, the noble labor martyrs, from being "burned in the chair"? Have they raised a finger to help the long suffering Centralia boys? Are they doing anything to aid J. B. McNamara and Matthew Schmidt? Or the victims of the 1922 Railroad Shopmen's Strike, John Cornelison and Claude Merritt? Or the two carpenters, George Pesce and Gus Madsen? Or the eight Imperial Valley organizers convicted solely because they tried to unionize agricultural workers? All these men (except the Centralia prisoners in Washington—EL) are suffering like ourselves in California penitentiaries, but not a word, not a gesture do the labor leaders make to help them, or us."

Here, then, is a partial answer to that query which entered my head after visiting McNamara. It was easy enough, and true, too, answering: "Oh, corporate interests are well organized in California," or "Openshoppers are strong there," or "Farmers are always glad to send up labor agitators," and "The big interests knew what they wanted when they shoved through the criminal syndicalism law."

McNamara only hinted at the rest of the answer, which the pamphlet now supplies.

Schmidt, too, although more reluctantly, said: "The trouble with the labor officials is that they want to disown us, pull the step-brother stunt."

"When we came out here in 1910," McNamara told me, "I looked around San Francisco and saw the streetcar men and saw what needed organizing. I said: 'You'd better let us start in here.' But the labor officials said: 'No, nothing doing. Don't start anything here. Why, P. H. McCarthy (building trades chief—EL) is mayor, and so-and-so has this job, and so-and-so that. You leave it up to them. We've got to organize those Los Angeles ironworkers so that they won't be able to run off with all the business.'"

"Llewellyn and other firms there were coming right into San Francisco and doing business under openshop conditions," explained McNamara, "with low wages and long hours."

So, as the new Mooney pamphlet relates, the McNamaras and other organizers went south to work under the "Committee of 26," a group of San Francisco union officials which formed the Metal Trades Strike Committee.

San Francisco streetcar men on United Railroads lines and public utilities employes were still without a union when Tom Mooney came west with credentials from the Street and Electric Railway Employees Union. For his efforts to organize them, Mooney was framed on the Preparedness Day explosion charge and sent to prison. The labor officials, some of them members of San Francisco's earlier Union Labor Party government over which the graft prosecution of 1906-1909 broke, had secret agreements with utilities corporations not to organize their workers!

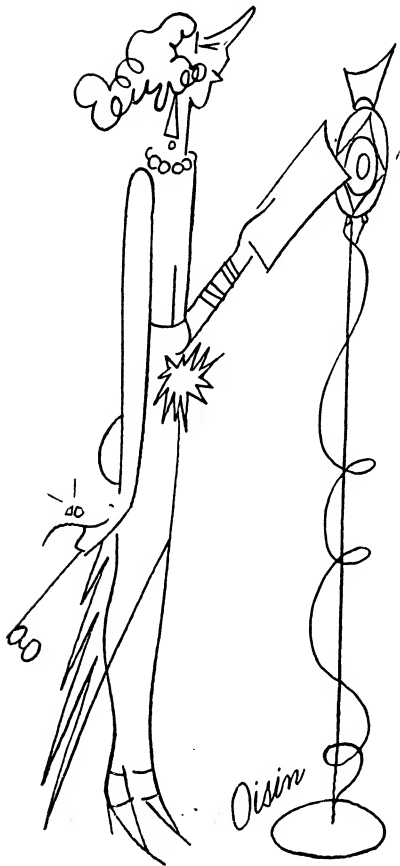
Part of what the pamphlet now discloses, for the first time in print, McNamara told in the prison interview:

"Burns, the detective, got to Clarence Darrow's confidential aide, Franklin, and had him bribe one juror and attempt to bribe a prospective one. Of course he was caught red-handed and threw it all up to Darrow, our defense attorney, who was arrested and tried twice with hung jury." Franklin also disclosed defense information to the National Erectors Association.

Then John Doe indictments charging first degree murder were issued for some of the Committee of 26. The McNamaras were told that these union officials would be jeopardized if the brothers were tried by a jury. A deal was made by which the McNamara's pleaded "guilty" and the rest were saved, except that Schmidt and Dave Caplan were convicted five years later, under another prosecutor.

J. J. McNamara was promised release in three years and three months; J. B. in seven years.

Despite California's law which makes every prisoner eligible for



"Good Night and God bless you!"



SHERIFF: "We treats Reds and Niggers alike!"

Jacob Burck

parole, "these labor leaders were so cowardly that they would not involve themselves to the extent of helping J. J. McNamara, General Secretary-Treasurer of the International Association of Bridge, Structural and Ornamental Ironworkers Union, obtain a parole on his 15 year sentence, and Dave Caplan, a member of the Barbers Union, on his 10 year term," declares the Mooney pamphlet. "These two men served their full sentences, though with the great political influence of the labor leaders both men could, and should, have served part of their terms on parole.

"What can be said for the treatment given J. B. McNamara and M. A. Schmidt, both serving life sentences? In California the average life sentence of a prisoner is generally set at 11 years within the walls of the penitentiary, and then the Prison Board allows the lifer to serve the remainder of the sentence on parole—for life. J. B. McNamara has now been in prison 20 years; every 'lifer' who was in prison when he arrived has received a parole, and yet no effort is being made to help him.

"Amazing as it seems, the men whom he saved, if not from the gallows, at least from long prison terms, never visit him, never write him, never help him financially . . .

"If these cowardly betrayers of labor treat in this shameless manner the men who helped save them, and needlessly allow J. B. McNamara to be kept in prison after serving 20 years, it is not in the least surprising to find Tom Mooney and his co-worker, Warren Billings, still behind the walls of San Quentin and Folsom prisons. And it is still less surprising to find 'the 26' and many more 'labor leaders' actually assisting in the frameup and the prosecution, and doing all in their power today to prevent the pardon of these two men."

P. H. McCarthy, former "czar" of San Francisco's building trades and once mayor; A. W. Brouillet, former central labor council president and now an attorney; Michael Casey, a vice-president of the Intl. Brotherhood of Teamsters and president of California's largest and wealthiest local union, teamsters No. 85; John O'Connell, secretary of San Francisco labor council; Paul Schar-

renberg, secretary of state federation of labor and of Intl. Seamen's Unions,—these are a few of the labor union officials mentioned in the Mooney pamphlet as helping the big corporate interests in keeping militant California workers in prison. The bulk of the fifty page pamphlet tells the sordid details of their co-operation in the frameup of Mooney.

"Mooney was doing their work—the work the labor leaders should have been doing," McNamara told me.

"Last week the six boys sent up for organizing Imperial Valley lettuce and cantalope workers were out receiving visitors," McNamara remarked. "I pointed them out to a San Francisco labor skate. He had never heard of the case!"

These six, with two more at Folsom, represent the first batch of Communists sent up under California's criminal syndicalist law. Where once San Quentin rang with the defiance of more than a hundred "Wobblies" (members of the Industrial Workers of the World), it may yet, if Communist activities increase, echo shouts for a Soviet America.

From now on, with all the calamity howlers crying "red menace" in the wake of the Fish committee herring hunt, we may expect California to continue in the heavyweight championship of sending up the most labor prisoners.

What will open prison doors to those inside and save the militants from being rushed in?

World-wide demonstrations of workers, says the Mooney defense committee.

"Liberals must become radical and radicals must grow revolutionary as capitalism develops to its climax."

Rank and file must wrest control of unions from present leaders, counsels the defense pamphlet in its new fight for Mooney's freedom.

"The deliberately studied insult to the workers of the world flung in their faces by the perfidy of the California plutocrats must not go unanswered, unchallenged or unavenged!

"Boycott all California products."



SHERIFF: "We treats Reds and Niggers alike!"

Jacob Burck



SHERIFF: "We treats Reds and Niggers alike!"

Jacob Burck



NEEDLE TRADES WORKERS

Mitchel Siporin

REPARATIONS by SCOTT NEARING

I.

The sound of hob-nailed shoes on the frosty pavements breaks the winter morning silence. It is six o'clock. I leave my room and walk through the blue darkness of German city streets.

I cross under the railroad tracks and pass a butcher-shop and a bakeshop where workers wives are already buying their day's provisions. At a distant corner under a street lamp moves a procession of dim figures. They emerge from the shadow, flit through the circle of light and then disappear into the shadow again. I join this procession of workers.

Across the dimly lighted street there is a woman with a child. She is poorly protected against the penetrating cold; over her head is a scarf and her hands are bare. The child is more warmly clothed. He is about two years old, and his little legs move reluctantly at half-past six of a cold winter morning. I leave the stream of workers and walk slowly along behind the mother and child.

For a time the two go on together; the high childish voice sounding incessantly, the mother answering in monosyllables. The child stops beside a lamp-post; the woman who is several steps in advance, turns and calls. There is a discussion. Again reluctantly the child goes on with his mother. Time after time this procedure is repeated as the two make their way through the gloom.

At length they turn into a lighted entrance over which there is a sign: Day Nursery. I stand in the shadow and watch. Woman after woman leaves the line of hurrying workers, and goes into the day nursery with her child. Some of the children are as old as five or six. Some are infants in baby carriages.

I step into the circle of light thrown from the doorway and look at my watch. It is twenty minutes of seven.

Another block—the factory. A Siemens factory, one of a chain belonging to the great German industrial Siemens concern.

Towards the open gateway is pouring a steady tide of workers, men and women. Some come on bicycle. Most walk; their hob-nailed boots clattering and echoing through the street. They loom out of the semi-darkness, pour into the factory maw and are swal-

lowed up, while their places on the street are taken by other hurrying forms.

At five to seven the crowd is thinner. Here and there a few stragglers are making a rush for the gate. Lights flash up in the factory windows. A bell rings. Belts begin to move, pulleys whirl. There is a buzz of machinery. It is seven o'clock. More than three thousand men, women and children are at work.

II.

The Siemens interests have issued an annual statement. Their total sales between 1929 and 1930 have fallen 6 percent—from 850 to 800 million marks, but there have been important retrenchments that have resulted in an increase of net earnings. The usual dividends have been paid.

How were these retrenchments made possible? The report does not give all of the details, but with a 6 percent decrease in total business there has been an 18 percent reduction in the number of workers. A regular phase of Siemens policy is to increase output while they decrease workers. In 1924-25, the Dawes Plan year, the Siemens interests employed 112 thousand workers and did a total annual business of 500 million marks. 1929-30 the number of workers employed was 113 thousand while the business done was 800 million marks. Thus for each worker the increase in business done was about 60 percent.

The Siemens interests have employed another means of retrenchment. On November 1st of 1930 they cut wages 2 percent. On February 1st 1931, they again cut wages—5 percent. The workers are producing more but they are getting less.

Another item in the Siemens Report, of particular interest to workers outside Germany, deals with exports. During this last year of hard times and world economic crisis, while the total amount of Siemens business decreased 6 percent, the exports of their products rose more than 8 percent. Wage-cutting and speed-up in Germany are having their effects on international markets. Siemens are underselling their competitors in the world struggle for imperial wealth and power.

III.

Allied Imperialists drew up a Treaty in 1918-1919 based on the slogan: "Germany must pay!" Ever since the Treaty was signed, one of the chief tasks before French, British, and other imperialist statesmen has been the collection of reparations.

The huge burden loaded by the Allies upon Germany could not be paid in money nor could it be paid in goods collected at one time. It could be met only if Germany sold more goods than she bought, year after year, for half a century. To sell these goods in the world market, the masters of Germany must lower their costs of production, either by increased exploitation of the workers, or by reducing the profits of the German exploiters.

Since both German economy and the German state machinery are in the hands of the exploiters, it is obvious that they would do their best to avoid meeting reparations payments out of their own pockets, and to load the burden on the workers. Even though the German exploiters should wish to meet the demands of the Allies by reducing their profits, they could not do so.

Under a system of capitalist economy, if profits are reduced in one country, the capital from that country will flow to neighboring countries where profits are higher, thus making capital so scarce at home that the interest rate must rise and restore profits to their former level. German exploiters cannot be made to pay. The cost of reparations must therefore be met by wage-cuts, speed-up, and lowered living standards for the workers. And these lowered workingclass standards in Germany must drive down the workingclass standards in the capitalist countries with which German exploiters are in competition.

This process is very apparent all over Germany. Not only in the Siemens plants but in the entire German industry, wages are being cut, workers are being speeded-up, increasing quantities of goods are being exported and relatively high profits are being paid.

And so reparations demands are being met not by the exploiters of Germany, but by the German masses. During the Revolution of 1918 the German workers failed to wipe out the capitalist imperialism and join the workers of the Soviet Union in their program of Socialist construction. Today they are paying the penalty—carrying on their backs the burden of reparations.

Berlin, Germany.



NEEDLE TRADES WORKERS

Mitchel Siporin

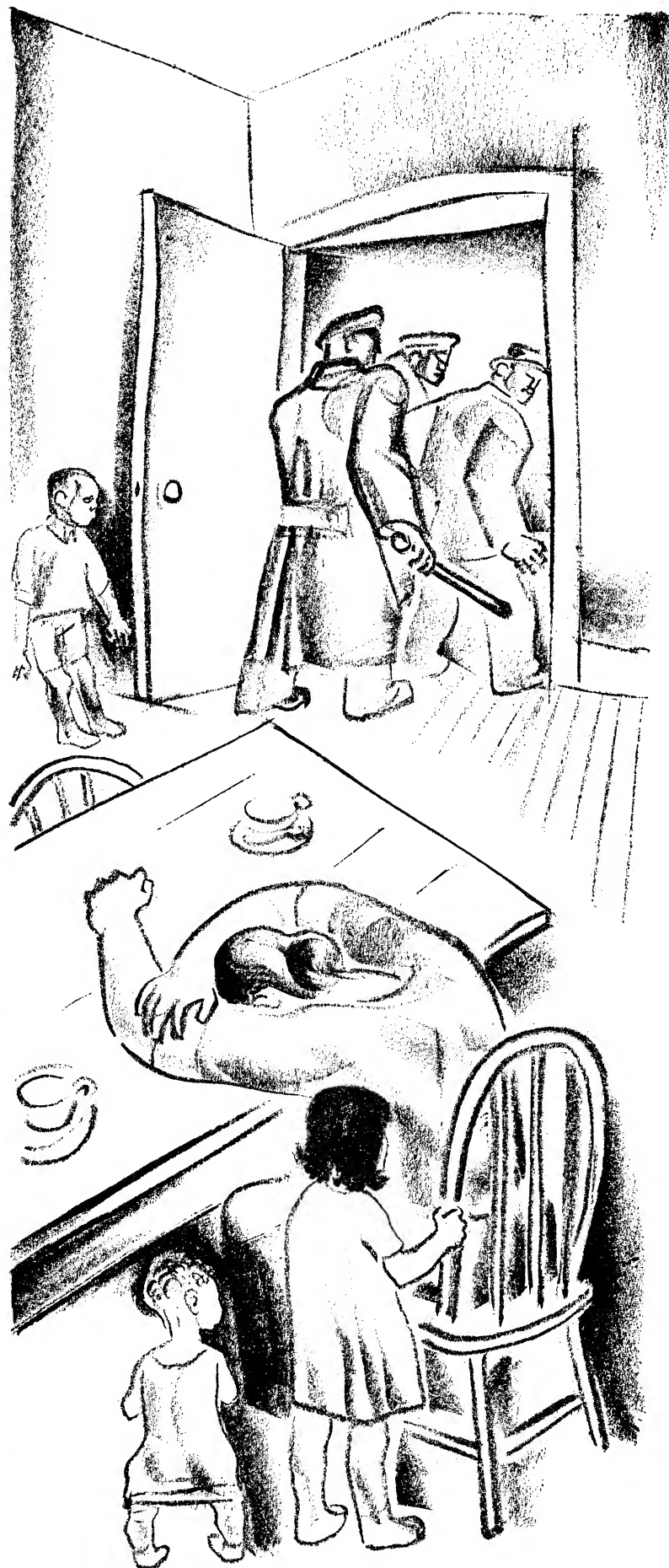


NEEDLE TRADES WORKERS

Mitchel Siporin



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— *News Item*

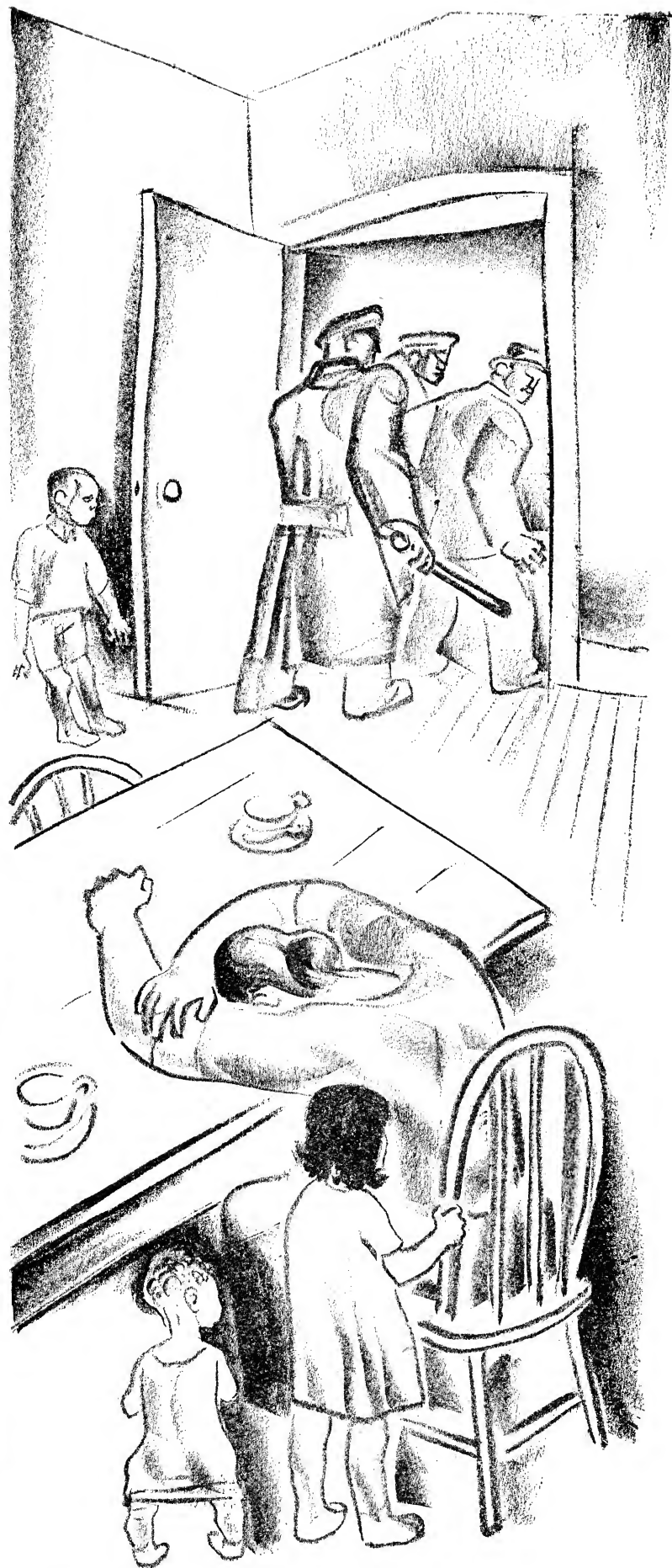


HUGO
GELLERT

"... Thirty thousand workers are to be deported from the New England States back to Canada within the next thirty days. ..."
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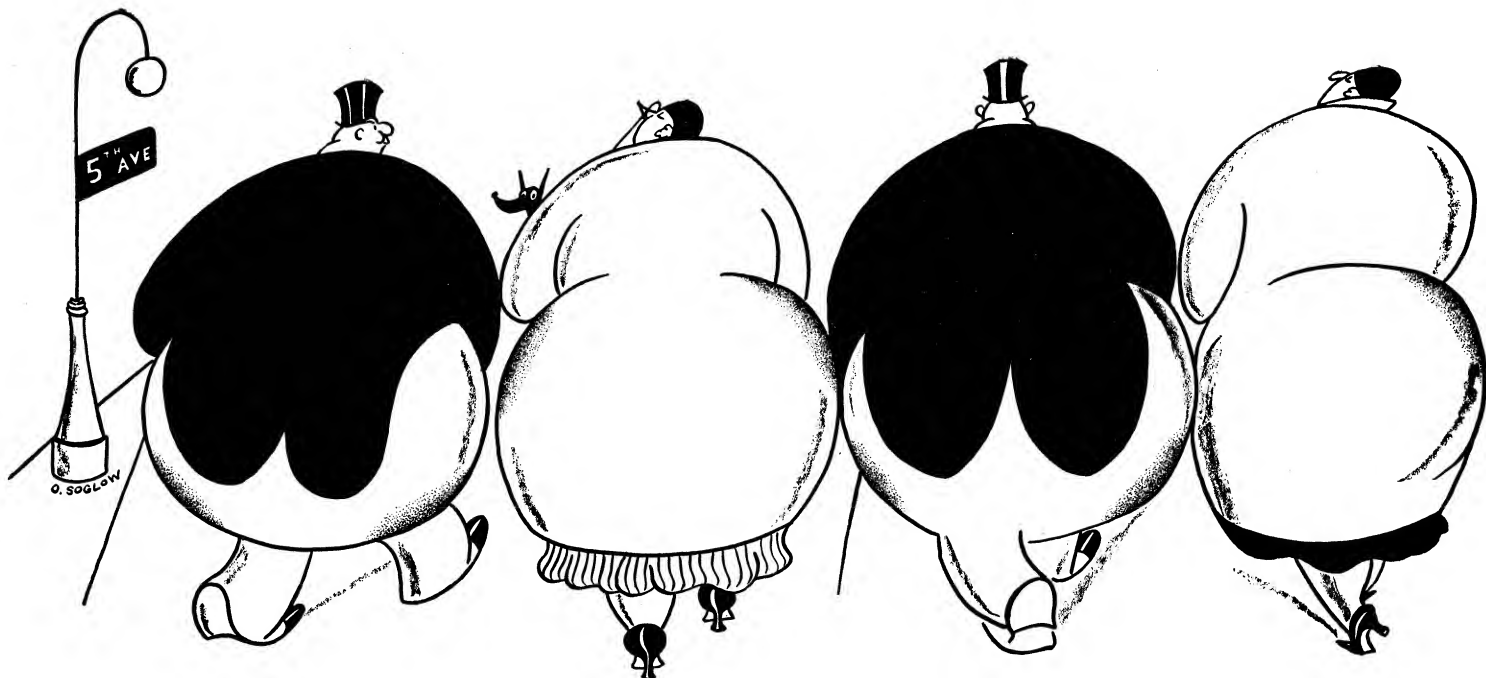


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THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING TRA-LA!

Otto Soglow

EUROPEAN NEWSREEL By A. B. MAGIL

Mid Ocean—

On the boat going across there was a Polish fellow, thick-bodied and thick-headed, returning to his native land after many years in America. He was drunk most of the time. He told the following tale: "Do you know who I was? I was a candle-lighter in the palace of Czar Nicholas II, I was respected by everybody. But one day I refused to salute to my superior. He framed me up and said I had stolen some money. It was a lie, but what did my word count against his? And so I had to run away. I came to America and saw the dirty work the Jews were doing there. I knew they were planning to make a revolution in Russia; I knew all about it before it happened. If I had only written a letter to Czar Nicholas and told him how the Jews were plotting to overthrow the government, do you think they would ever have succeeded in making the Revolution? Never! If only I had written that letter. . ."

Here in the flesh was a typical oldtime *muzhik*, one of the millions of the backward masses that formed the bulk of the population of czarist Russia. Booze and anti-Semitism—this was always the czarist remedy for the people's misery. Now he was going back to the place that was "home"—fascist Poland, that so-called free republic created in the image of the old oppression. Perhaps there to write his letter to Czar Nicholas. One ghost writing to another.

Berlin—

We arrived in Berlin in the midst of the metal workers' strike. At night we went to a meeting for the benefit of the strikers, arranged by the *Linkskurve*, the magazine of the Association of Proletarian Revolutionary Writers of Germany. A member of the Central Strike Committee spoke, after him a Communist deputy in the Prussian Landtag and workers from various factories. Then a man came on the platform with a strange pale face, his thin blond hair combed back. He was about forty and looked more like a Pole than a German. He began to recite a poem on the strike. His voice was like metal, ringing out a call to struggle. The hall shook with applause. Later we learned that he had improvised the poem while sitting in the hall!

Then he read some passages from a book, storm and fury in his eyes. They were extracts from his new novel, *Sturm auf Essen* (Storm in Essen), a novel of the struggles of the Ruhr miners during the reactionary Kapp Putsch in 1920. The author—his name is Hans Marchwiza—we were to learn to know better in the Soviet Union where he was a member of the German delegation to the conference of revolutionary writers and artists at Charkov.

Hans Marchwiza is a Ruhr miner who worked at his trade until he was blacklisted a couple of years ago. He fought through the World War and the Kapp Putsch and participated in the great struggles of the Ruhr miners. He is a proletarian to the bone. He began his attempts at writing as a worker correspondent. Now he has produced his first novel, a book that was hailed at the Charkov conference as "one of the greatest of proletarian novels."

Sturm auf Essen is the first of the Red One-Mark Series of revolutionary novels being issued by the Internationaler Arbeiter-verlag (International Workers Publishers) in Berlin. This stirring, full-length novel sells for only one mark (24 cents). And the workers of Germany have shown their appreciation by buying 15,000 copies in four weeks. *Sturm auf Essen* ought to be translated into English. But will it be issued as cheaply here?

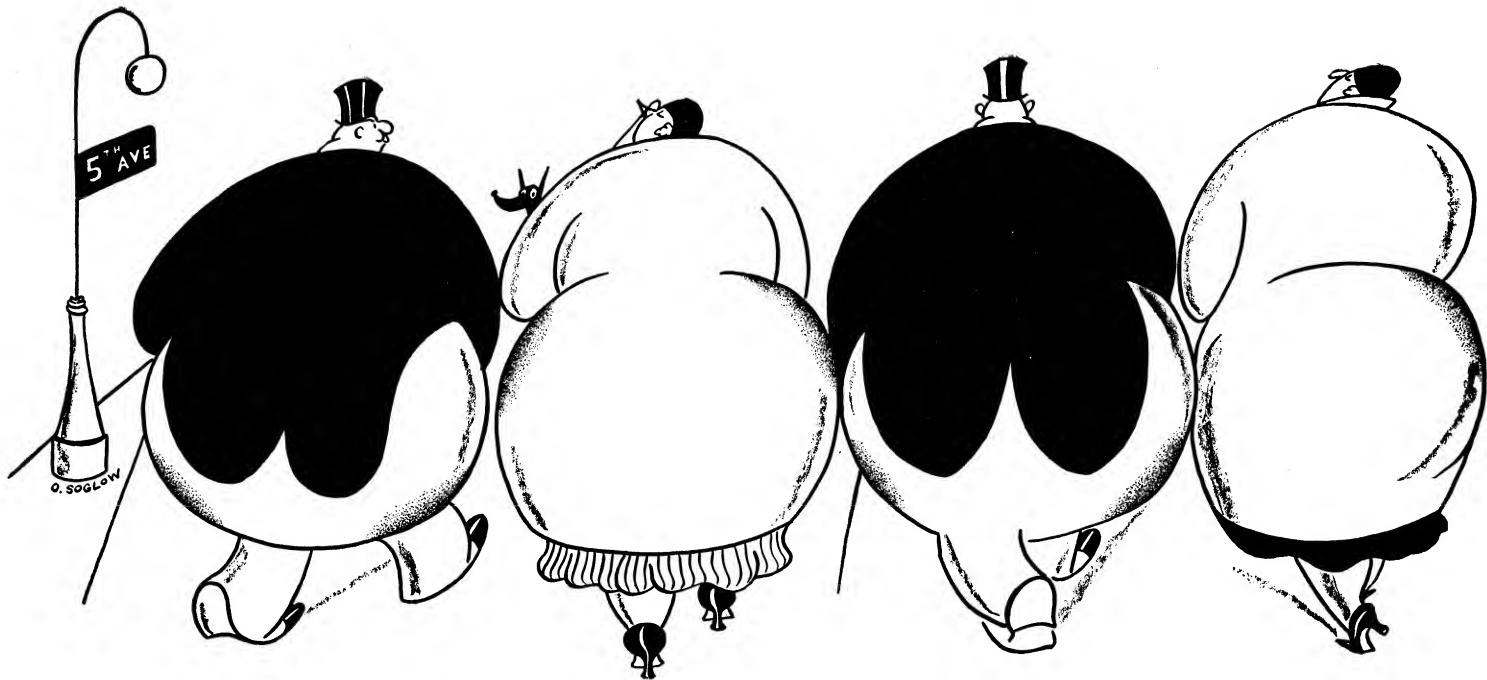
Moscow—

In America and elsewhere the Kremlin was captured, Stalin was assassinated (twice), peasants were revolting in the Ukraine, the Red Army was in open mutiny. But in Moscow over one million workers stormed the streets, wave after wave of human fire and energy swept from the factories, through snow and darkness, a seething, shouting, dynamic mass—makers and rulers of the new world. Red banners against the snow, the voices of Comsomols singing, the dark hot exhorting voices of speakers, shouts of "Death to the Traitors!" "Death to the Imperialist Interventionists!" Here is blood and bone of the Revolution, blood and bone of the Five-Year Plan, blood and bone of the fight for the Soviet Republics of the world.

And inside, in the magnificent Hall of the Columns in the House of the Trade Unions, eight distinguished-looking men were telling in calm low voices how they plotted death and disaster to millions—those millions who at that very moment were demonstrating in the streets of Moscow, in Leningrad, Charkov, Vladivostock, in every nook and corner of the vast Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. In those few intense hours, so full of human drama and the breath of history, was packed the searching epitome of all that has happened in the last thirteen years—and a prophecy of the future.

The Red Menace is real. I saw it. When workers over one-sixth of the world's territory are getting more, are creating a deeper, richer, more stable mode of existence than the workers in the rest of the world, something is bound to happen sooner or later. Here is just a tiny fraction of The Red Menace that I saw with my own eyes. It's a steel mill in Moscow.

Eight thousand workers. The eight-hour day (it'll become seven in the near future) and the five-day week (four days work, the



THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING TRA- LA!

Otto Soglow

fifth, rest). Before the war, when the factory was owned by French capitalists (wouldn't they love to get it back again!), the workers were blessed with the twelve-hour day—nothing less. So much for "Western culture." During the first year of the Five-Year Plan this factory fulfilled its program 113.4 per cent. Women work beside men, getting the same wages, the same working conditions, equals in every sense of the word. Socialist competition. Charts on the wall show how each department stands. Shock brigades. Here the women are beating the men—80 per cent of all the women in the shock brigades, only 40 percent of the men. Each department has its own Red Corner, its own library, its own wall newspaper, written and illustrated by the workers. Four thousand workers are students in courses conducted by the factory, courses that range from classes for illiterates to the highest technical instruction. There are also courses for the children of the workers, 1500 of these receiving elementary technical instruction.

More cultural work (just listen to this, workers in the great steel dungeons of Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Birmingham):

In addition to the department libraries, there is a library for the entire factory with 20,000 books.

Besides the 26 wall newspapers, the factory issues a daily printed paper, written and edited by the workers. Circulation 8,000 (everybody buys it); 600 regular correspondents.

The director of the best department in the mill, the department which was awarded the Red Banner for its work, is an English engineer who has been connected with the plant since before the Revolution. When the new order came in, he was bitterly hostile to it, and every time the workers called him "Tovarish—Comrade", he objected strenuously and insisted that they address him as Mister. But that was long ago. Revolutions are created not only in the material world, but inside human beings too. The former English bourgeois who is director of the best department in this great Moscow steel mill recently applied for membership in the Communist Party.

Latvia—

On the way from Moscow to the capitalist world I got stuck at Dvinsk (or Daugavpils, as it now is called), Latvia. In the station waiting room I fell in with a group of young workers. They told me the joys of life in this little slice of the former Russian Empire that now rests so snugly under the wing of the great guardian of European democracy, France. The Communist Party is illegal, fascist terror against the workers is the order of the day. Yet despite this, the left wing bloc succeeded in electing seven members to parliament. But "parliamentary immunity" means about as much in Latvia as it does in other countries, and one of the seven has already found his way to jail. In Dvinsk alone one hundred workers have been thrown into prison. Unemployment is growing—and so is the illegal Communist Party.

A big, heavy-jowled gendarme, built like an army tank, came over and began shooing us away—no public gatherings are permitted. One of the young workers pointed to me: "Amerikansky." The gendarme's hand flew to his cap. "Oh pardon, pardon, pardon," he sputtered, bending as nearly double as his waistline permitted. He gave me his hand and smiled benignly, smelling of dubious liquor.—Loyal servant of the free, democratic, republic of Latvia.

Paris—

The modern Athens. Sip culture through a straw. See the world from a cafe chair. The life of Art and Passion, Models and Champagne. Spicy French pictures, the real stuff, 20 francs—learn how.... Which way to Montparnasse? The treasures of the Louvre. There's a hot joint. Things of the spirit. The capital of culture. Ah Culture, Culture....

In the Pere-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris I am hunting for the grave of the martyrs of the Paris Commune of 1871. "Which way to the grave of the Communards?" People look at me in surprise and then fire a volley of instructions at me that I can't understand. A uniformed official sells me a map of the cemetery giving the names and locations of all the famous graves—Victor Hugo, Chopin, Sarah Bernhardt, Oscar Wilde, etc. But no Communards; funny how they got left out (Baedeker's, which gives all sorts of information about things you don't want to know, has also somehow "forgotten" to include the grave of the Commune martyrs). Finally, after trudging two hours through a thin, straggly Paris rain, I find the place. No grave, no monument. Only a stone slab against the wall with the words: To the Dead of the Commune.



"ALOOKIN' F'R A HOME . . ."

Esther Shemitz

Below is the hole where were thrown the victims of the frightful slaughter that followed the fall of the first workers' government in history.

I look at it awhile, and then goodbye—goodbye, comrades of the Commune. The French bourgeoisie would like to forget you like a bad dream; the Leon Blums, Renaudels, Paul-Boncours daily betray the great cause for which you died. But you are "enshrined," in the words of Marx, "in the great heart of the working-class." And your executioners "history has already nailed to that eternal pillory from which all the prayers of their priests will not avail to redeem them." And your monument—I have seen it spreading over one-sixth of the earth's surface. We too are building it, fighting for it, out of your defeat there rises the vision of your and our victory—the American Commune.

To the Little Fort of San Lazaro, On the Ocean Front, Havana

Watch tower once for pirates
That sailed the sun-bright seas—
Red pirates, great romantics,

Drake,
De Plan,
El Grillo,

Against such as these
Years and years ago
You served quite well—
When time and ships were slow.

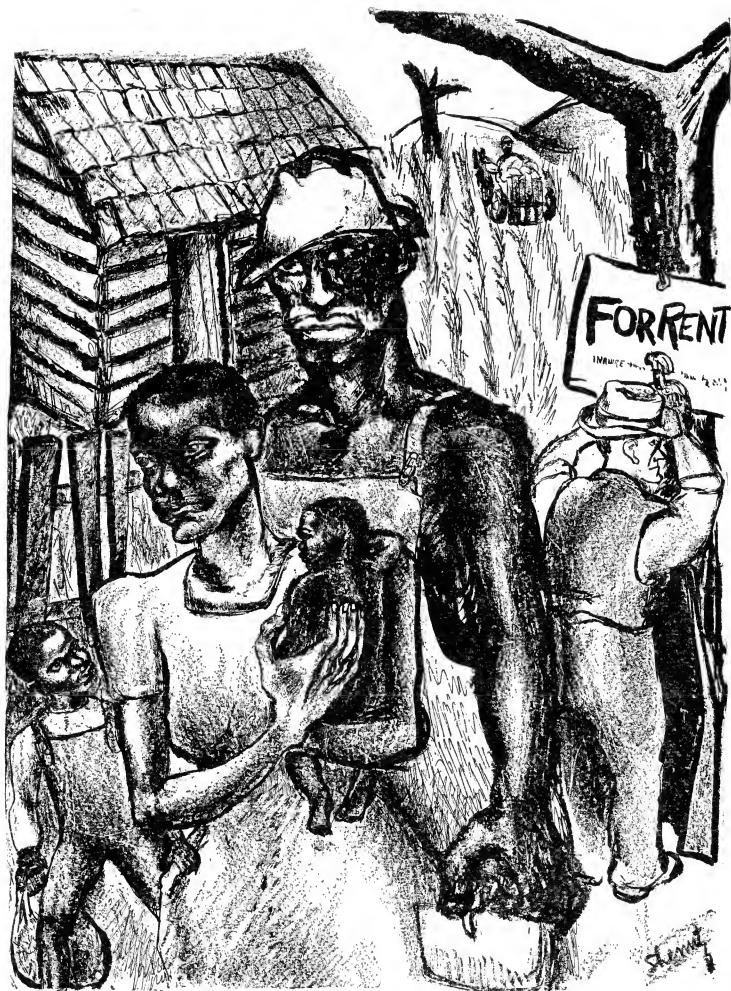
But now,
Against a pirate called
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK
What can you do alone?
Would it not be
Just as well you tumbled down,
Stone by helpless stone?

LANGSTON HUGHES



"ALOOKIN' F'R A HOME . . ."

Esther Shemitz



"ALOOKIN' F'R A HOME . . ."

Esther Shemitz

JOSEPH KALAR

MY UNCLE WAS A MINER

Mike was my favorite uncle. He stayed with us at this time, a tall slender man, his upper lip adorned by the inevitable black moustache worn by nearly all bohunks in Chicken Town. He too was a miner, and like most miners, would go on terrible sprees, brawling and singing in the saloons of Merritt. After a debauch, during which we would never see him, he would come back furtively with a sheepish sardonic grin twitching at his lips, and a very melancholy air.

He was an atheist, and enjoyed startling the Catholic wives of the location with vile startling blasphemies. Mike was a handsome man, but the ladies shunned him, regarding him as a human devil and destined inevitably for the darker and hotter regions of hell. He delighted in telling us Slovenian fables; dark gruesome tales of black cats yowling on fences, skeletons walking in alleys with a clacking of dry bones, and church bells tolling ominously at midnight; of souls leaving the bodies of sleeping men and roaming the earth in search of deviltry, plunging the unconscious man into depths of sin; of hideous pacts made with a leering goatish Satan; of souls frying greasily like eggs on the frying-pans of hell. His imagination was macabre and athletic. We would listen to him with feverish interest, our bodies tense, our eyes filmed with a fog of fear. Our mothers warned us that we were committing mortal sins by listening to him, but we could not resist, and despite the fears, frights, and nightmares that left us bathed in sweat, that followed his stories, we went to him again and again.

He was generous to a fault, and possessed a courage that often led him into dangerous paths, from which he escaped as if by miracle. One day a watermain burst in the mine and began to flood the shaft where Mike was at work. Being near the only opening that lead to escape, my uncle was one of the first miners to leave the shaft. Dumbly, the miners stood at the mouth of the shaft, trembling with fear and horror, and waited for their comrades to emerge. The water could be heard gurgling and bubbling down in the shaft, rising with frightening speed. The miners did not appear; the sprays of water had doused their carbide lamps and now they were down in the dark groping blindly in the thick oily water. Then my uncle did a beautiful and incredible thing. He lowered himself down into the shaft; the miners left at the opening could hear a splash of water. How he did it even he could or would not say, but one by one the miners, dripping with reddish water, their faces strained and frightened, began to appear. Last of all Mike came; he shook himself and water sprayed from him as from a wet shaggy dog.

"Say, Mike, Jesus Christ, but you took one big chance, you goddamned fool!" said the miners, crowding around him. "What the hell chance did you have down there, anyway?"

Mike grinned sheepishly and fidgeted in embarrassment. "O to hell," he said, "what difference does it make?"

My father and Mike were good friends, but both were possessed by a terrible insane temper and often would fly at each other's throats. I vividly remember one day, a sharp etching standing out clear from the misty vague remembrances of the past. I do not remember how the quarrel began. Their voices roared from another room. Curses. The sound of chairs being overturned; the dull crash of the table being upset; the shattering crash of glasses falling to the floor mingled with hot stabbing words. They were cursing in English, which was ominous. Slovenian curses are practically limited to words meaning "devil" and damned, and are sufficient to meet the ordinary need; but in an emergency, requiring a greater elasticity and fluency, only the American presents a vocabulary sufficiently expressive and plastic. And the emergency, apparently, was now at hand. My mother stood by wringing her hands in a torment of fear. Suddenly my uncle rushed out, came tearing through our room tossing chairs right and left, cursing. My father came after him. They clinched; their fists flayed the air; an ugly purplish welt spread itself like a cancer on my uncle's temple. My mother, calling on the Holy Virgin, strove to separate them. They struck at her blindly, but she persisted, and finally Mike bolted loose and out of the door.

By this time news of the fight had spread over Chicken Town; the picket-fences were lined with kerchiefed wives and squaling frightened children. Out in the street they again grappled with each other, fell, rolled in the dust. The women called on the saints to intercede. Pigeons flapped clumsily in great circles from the roofs and circled blindly over the road, scared by the curses and women's screams. Mike again broke loose, picked up a hoe leaning against a fence and waved it threateningly. My father shouted to me to run for the police, but I was too startled and frightened to move. My older brother left on the run for town and the police.

My father picked up a brick and threw it, catching the hoe squarely in the middle, snapping it like a toothpick. Their fury had finally spent itself, and when a policeman arrived, they were content with curses and threats. Mike was led away, a little stream of blood trickling down his cheek.

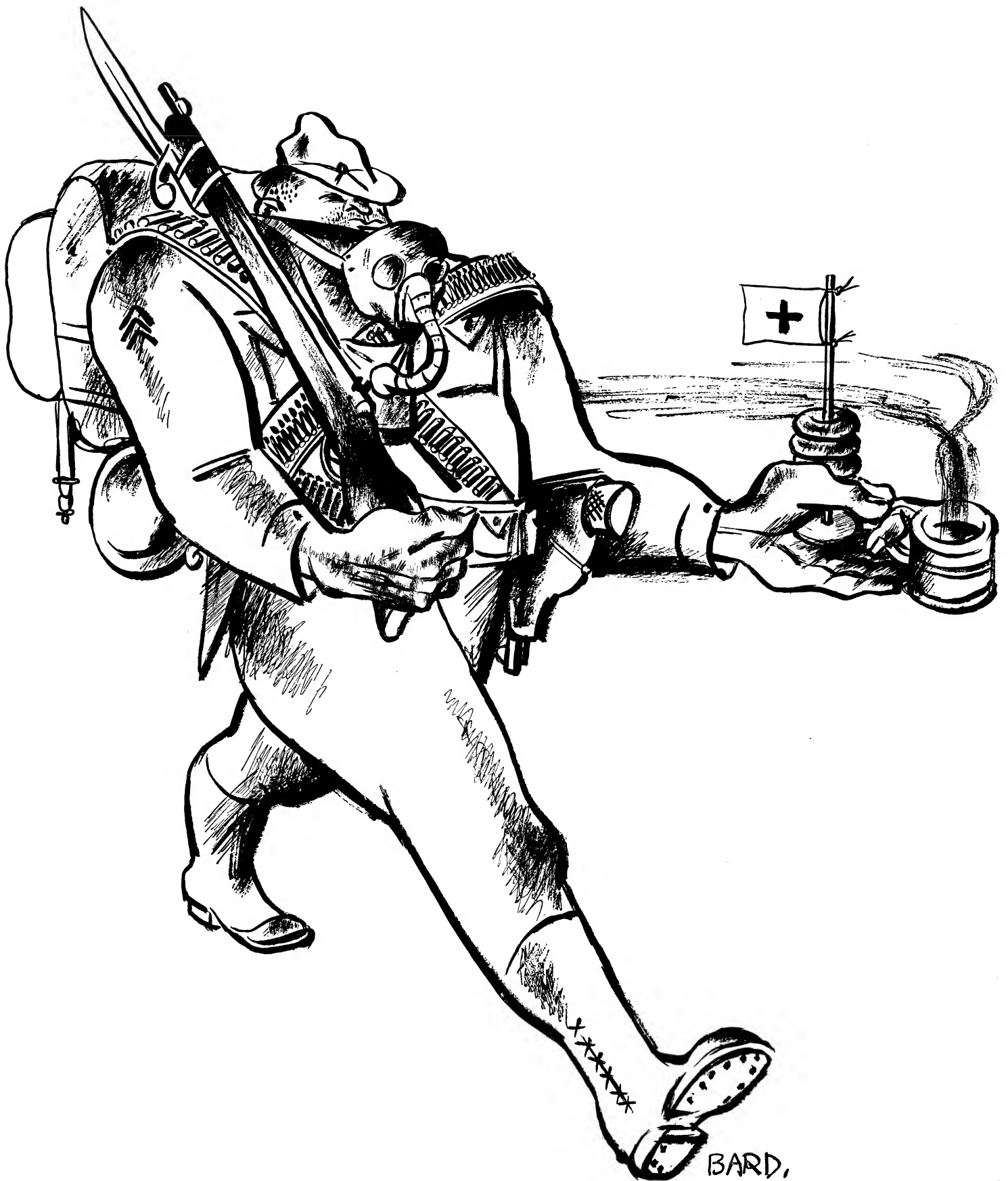
The next day, my father, now quite penitent, went to town and paid Mike's fine. A few days later Mike appeared, his head bandaged, his face red with embarrassment. That day he moved. He never boarded with us again until years later when we lived in another town.

When the great strike flamed like a torch of protest from all of the locations, welding wops and bohunks and Finns and Swedes into one under the banner of the I. W. W., Mike was there, moving in and out of the shouting crowds, a smile hovering always on his lips. The inevitable thugs, called by a frantic and frothing press "the police", stood on every street corner heavily armed, pushing and prodding the restless miners that streamed like a flood down and over the streets of Merritt. Pictures of the heart of Jesus dripping with blood, hanging in every Catholic miner's home, were forgotten, and forgotten too were the exhortations of the priests to return to work and avoid eternal damnation by the Lord of the Steel Trust. The difficulties in leading the strikes and molding it into a solid purposeful wedge were many, due to the diversity of nationalities and lack of speakers. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, full of a fiery profane eloquence, would attempt to carry the message of unionism to a hall full of uncomprehending bohunks, wops and Finns, moved by the fiery ardor of her voice, but hardly able to understand a word of what she actually said. A call was issued for speakers familiar with these many dialects. The miners hesitated. To speak from a platform meant the blacklist, a blacklist that extended with merciless efficacy from the Mesabi and Vermillion ranges to the Cuyuna. Mike however, arose and made his way to the platform. The spies in the audience, at whom "the Flynn" threw blasphemous imprecations, winked significantly. After that Mike could no longer secure work in the mines. "Well", he said, "to hell with it! Minin's no good anyhow. Guess I'll be a bartender." And a bartender he became, and remained, except for intermittent "bumming" trips on freights, and occasional months spent digging ditches in the muskegs of northern Minnesota.

A few years later, Mike began to lose weight with alarming regularity, an unseen hand with a blunt paring knife carving away his flesh as though he were a rotten potato. A rasping cough was always with him. His face became pale and drawn. It was evident to everyone but himself that he was **seriously** ill. When advised to see a doctor he would shrug his thin shoulders and say "to hell with it." His sprees came more often and were more prolonged. The harsh dry rasping cough would double him up and send him into sweating fits of shivering.

When his friends became irritatingly persistent in their advice that he see a doctor, Mike shrugged, and consented. He came back a little later saying "the old sawbones looked me over and punched me damn' near to pieces, but he says they is nothing wrong, I ain't sick." We found out later that he had not seen a doctor at all, and had only said this to still the pleas of his friends.

Now every time that he coughed he would spit furtively into his handkerchief and examine it out of the corners of his eyes. When he spat into a spittoon, one could hear a dull plunk as though a piece of meat or a pebble had been dropped into it. His lungs



U. S. RUSHES AID TO NICARAGUA

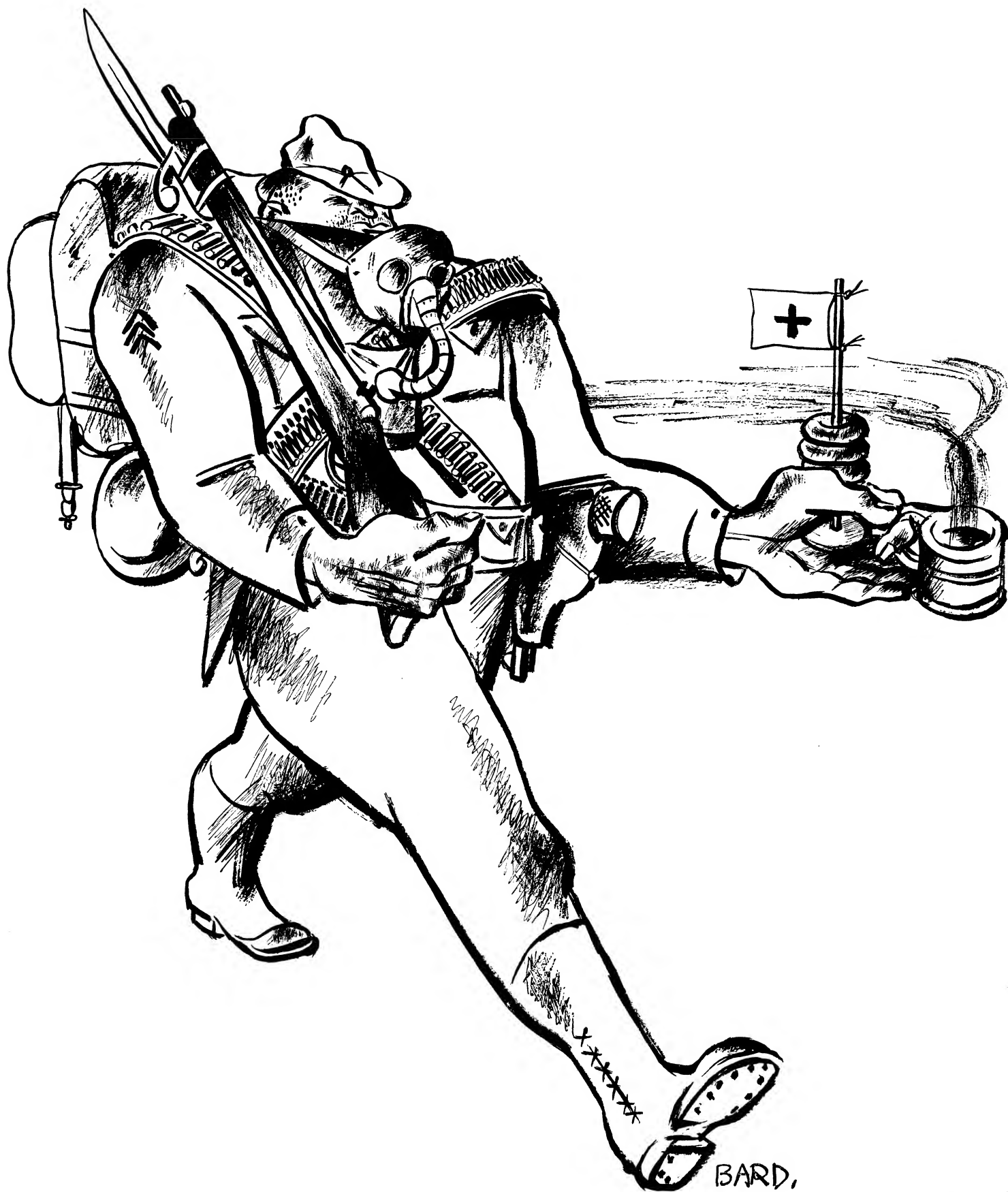
began to rot and his hacking cough brought great chunks of them into his mouth. Mike only grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and said "to hell with it!"

Two weeks before he died, Radich, the saloon keeper, had him removed to a sanitarium. His disintegration became more rapid; flesh seemed to melt from his bones, leaving him a coughing, sweating, skeleton.

My father went to the funeral, looked long at the thin white face, and wept brokenly. The bartenders' union sent flowers; the young miners came in a body. The silence of the room was stabbed

with muffled sobs; candles flickered at the head of the coffin; a priest intoned prayers over the unrepentant infidel. But Mike lying in the coffin so strangely obliterated, his waxen face so expressive of contempt and indifference for the death that had ridden him down, for the dirt that would now fill the eyes that had laughed so when they could see, seemed to be smiling at the fuss being made over him, seemed to be thinking of streets swarming with infuriated miners; of shafts, leading deep into the dark bowels of the earth, filling with a gurgling and bubbling of oily red and orange water.

Phil Bard



U. S. RUSHES AID TO NICARAGUA

Phil Bard

of results. With a few concepts such as convergence, culture area, diffusion, culture complexes, and so on, anthropologists "explain" specific, concrete cultural situations. But they have little conception of all culture as an integrated, organically developing entity. Their microscopic vision is excellent; microscopically, they are all but blind. Professor Lowie's *Primitive Society* is almost wholly an attack on Morgan. Dr. Kroeber's *Anthropology* and Dr. Wissler's *An Introduction to Social Anthropology* have been written as if social evolution were non-existent or without significance.

I believe that the concept of social evolution is the most important concept in cultural anthropology. It is the unifying and vivifying motif. The biologist could not have an adequate understanding of any plant or animal without the idea of the unity of all life and of its organic development. And I cannot see how the anthropologist can appreciate the full significance of any cultural situation unless he views it in evolutionary perspective. It is with this point of view that I wish to appraise present-day Russia.

The Russian revolution was a cultural mutation. The present regime is a stage of evolutionary development. It is not the realization of an idea that happened to come to the mind of some eccentric radical, nor is it an "experiment". It is the result of centuries of cultural development just as mammals are the product of ages of organic development. My fifteen minutes permit only a meagre outline of social evolution.

Man began his career as man with a minimum of culture. For thousands of years he subsisted on wild foods. Then he domesticated plants and animals, and incidentally, himself. The consequences of domestic, sedentary life are tremendous and far-reaching. Man, like other animals, responds sympathetically to his food supply. Transfer to plant and animal husbandry in the Old World and to plant culture in the America, gave rise to dense populations, to urban life. The consequences of urban life are: first, intensive specialization of labor; second, vertical stratification of society; and, third, the adoption of a territorial basis of social and political organization instead of a kinship, tribal basis. All of these features are well illustrated in both hemispheres. The shift in economy from a wild food basis to plant and animal husbandry transformed social life as profoundly as the shift from reptilian reproduction to mammalian reproduction transformed organic life.

Specialization of labor stimulated technological progress which eventually culminated in the industrial revolution. Vertical stratification of society produced conflicting classes. Technological progress and conflict of classes *within society* are the two most important features of civilization since the beginning of the Bronze Age. The classes produced were: 1) the ruling class; 2) merchants and "professional" men (scribes, medical men, astrologers, etc., and perhaps some highly skilled artisans); and 3) the masses, some branded as slaves and some not branded. The state came into being as an organ for expressing the will of the ruling class. The will power was supplied by the army. The priests, as Thomas Jefferson once remarked, have always and everywhere assisted the despots in keeping the masses in subjection. The type of society that we have just sketched in outline has persisted in all its important features up to the present time. And every feature is



MARKET PLACE, Berlin

Adolf Dehn

seen to be a function of urban life, resting upon a domestic food supply.

Recent history records three significant developments: viz., 1) the middle class supplants the nobility as the dominant class; 2) the industrial revolution is invading and transforming the world; and 3) the proletariat class arises and becomes self-conscious. The history of civilization since the invention of bronze is the story of the accumulation and ever-increasing importance of property. Morgan dealt with this matter in brilliant fashion in his *Ancient Society*. Property is power. With the expansion of commerce and advances in technology, the burgher (bourgeois) merchants of Europe during the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries, approximately, grew in wealth and finally displaced the nobility as the dominant class; it was the death of Feudalism. The rising tide of industrialism caught up these merchants and elevated them to still greater power as titanic manufacturers, merchants, and investment bankers. At the same time, the industrial revolution created a constantly growing class of people the proletariat, whose only means of livelihood was the labor of their hands. But the main features of society today are fundamentally the same as they were among the ancient civilizations of the Orient. We still have



Adolf Dehn



MARKET PLACE, Berlin

Adolf Dehn



THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

William Siegel

three classes; the ruling class made up of tycoons of finance and industry; the white collared middle class, and the proletariat. Our state, in spite of our preposterous fiction of democracy, is still a committee which negotiates the lucrative affairs of the manufacturer and investment banker. The army, as of yore, and the police are employed in case of resistance; the Marines are sent to Central America to collect bank loans, and the militia and the police shoot and club union organizers. And the priests, as always, know well their master's voice.

The social result of industrialism is capitalism. Japan has been transformed by the machine from a feudal land to a capitalist state before our eyes. The flower of capitalism is imperialism. The logic of imperialism is the destruction of capitalism. In the course of social evolution, as in organic evolution, new patterns are formed, grow, realize themselves, and then give way to new forms. All life means growth and change. Nothing is static and permanent.

Capitalist society cannot continue to exist. It has almost realized itself, and signs of disintegration are visible on all sides. And already a post-capitalist state has formed itself in our midst.

Imperialism, and hence capitalism, can exist only as long as it can exploit fresh markets and untouched sources of raw materials. The markets are rapidly becoming industrialized as in the cases of China and India, and in turn they look for markets to exploit. And practically all of the world's raw materials have already been appropriated. It is obvious, then, that the margin upon which

capitalism has been operating is rapidly diminishing and must soon disappear. The collapse is inevitable.

An important functional property of imperialism is war. Mr. Kellogg, Nobel Peace Prize Winner, recently stated in Norway that he could see absolutely no prospect for another war. But anyone who has any vision and grasp of cultural processes must realize that war is not only likely but even imminent. Indeed, one might say that capitalism *needs* a war now, for it would solve the two most pressing problems of the day. It would consume our excessive production of commodities and it would slaughter the unemployed. But the new lease on life would be only temporary at best; war will eventually destroy the system that promotes it. The logical conclusion of capitalism is martial suicide.

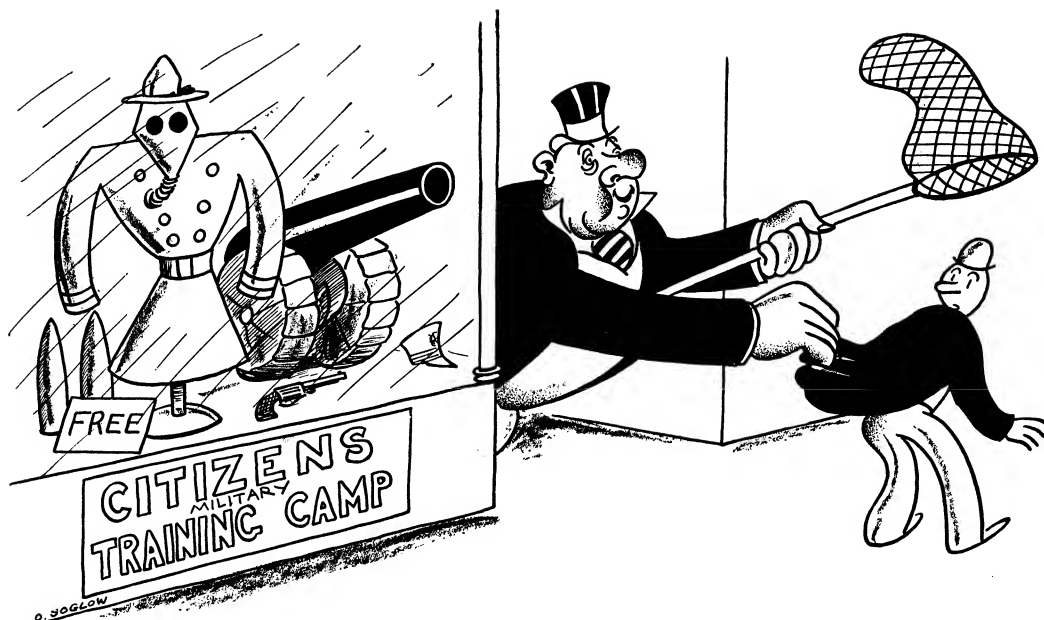
A third weakness of capitalism is internal. The working people are slowly but surely grasping the significance of their situation. They are becoming fed up with centuries of oppression and exploitation, impatient with labor injunctions, hostile legislation and biased judicial decision. They are becoming tired of dying by the million to make the world safe for democracy and investment bankers. They don't like to walk the streets hungry while the warehouses are crammed with "over-production". They are beginning to realize that production, the very core of industrialism, lies within their hands. And they are beginning to realize that a well-directed and concerted effort on their part will give them political and economic control of our social existence. In the event of a crisis they might seize control and direction of our industrial life (which means everything) just as the Russian workers did in 1917.

In the history of class struggles, the movement has always been upward. The bourgeoisie displaced the nobles and the proletariat will displace the bourgeoisie. Feudal aristocracy, bourgeois "democracy", socialist society, constitute a sequence in evolutionary development.

The tremendous significance of the Russian revolution lies in the fact that it ushered into the world a social order which is an evolutionary sequence of capitalist society. It has dissolved vertical class stratification and exploitation. Those who toil shall at last enjoy the fruits of their own labors. Another significant feature of Russia today is the principle of occupation and economic interest as a basis of participation in political life. Long ago the kinship, tribal basis became antiquated. Our system of geographic representation is obsolete in a machine age. In an industrial society, political life must be organized on industrial lines. The new society has determined to have done once and for all with that Old Stone Age psychosis, religion. This fact alone warrants our placing the Russian revolution among the greatest events of all history. We have many *individuals* in our society who are wholly free from the taint of supernaturalism, but in Russia, for the first time in the history of mankind, do we find a *society*, institutionally organized on a vigorous and outspoken anti-supernatural basis. Here again, we see another great step in social evolution. Stone axes, bronze axes, and ox carts are gradually abandoned by the roadside. And finally, even gods and goblins wither and die.

A word in conclusion. Russia's five-year program may fail, or the capitalist states may set upon her and dismember her. But cultural processes grind steadily on. Feudalism fought for its life. The Pueblo Indians are fighting for their life now. Capitalism will soon be fighting for its life. It was created by the machine, and by the machine it will be destroyed. Whether the communist model for the future be Russian, Chinese, or German matters little. The essence of communism is internationalism, or world consolidation—and that is the next stage in political evolution anyway.





THE HUNTING SEASON BEGINS

Otto Soglow

Movies, Coupons & Prunes

by Harry Alan Potamkin

Unemployment has entered the movie as a motif! Surreptitiously, of course, through a crack in the back door. And it didn't stay long. In one of Paramount's typical shop-films—trade mark "Nancy Carroll"—the heroine finds her leading-man on the street. He's been shot trying to achieve a *Stolen Heaven*. The lad has been a zealous worker, he tells Nancy, at the radio plant across the way, but just the same he was canned. Out of a job, and crazy to go slumming in Palm Beach or Bermuda—millionaire for a day stuff—he solves his unemployment problem by stealing \$20,000 from his former boss. Nancy helps him evade the police. Off they go the land of dreams on their 20,000 bucks, and we never are told they are anything but respectable, true to the Hays code, the evangelical bible of the movie. The code conquers all, the young people give themselves up, we are all redeemed.

Redemption is the keynote of every American film. Bourgeois society is a coupon. *Skippy* (Paramount) puts its bid across through the popularity of young children as players. It bridges class-differences: the rich love the poor. The slums are locale for idyllic romance, sweetened with the salt of childish tears. The final romance occurs when Skippy's dad, the self-complacent board of health doctor, brings Sooky, the slum-child, a dog to replace the dead Penny, and Skippy brings Sooky another new dog, and doctor dad liberates Shantytown from the dark decree of extermination, and when at last, the cantankerous nemesis, the proletarian dog-catcher, is struck down with one blow from the fist of the petty-bourgeois doctor, who has removed his eye glasses. The middle class is redeemed, the classes are equal, so equal, in fact, that a doctor is less of a sissy than a dog-catcher. And this all takes place in a film dealing principally with pre-adolescents.

The thesis of the leveling and collaboration of the classes is recurrent in the movie. *The Millionaire* (Warner Brothers) presents the fastidious idol, George Arliss, as the golden rule industrialist—Henry Ford mebbe?—whom his workers weep to see going. You can't keep a good man down. The retired manufacturer gets himself a garage and conquers anew—there's no lace on his underwear! That's one leveling. Another takes place before the young partner, who doesn't know his co-garagist's real identity, can marry the millionaire's daughter. The young man asserts he is from a first family; the sale of the garage returns the lad to architecture, as prescribed by his college diploma. The movie is a ritual that purges everything it touches—purges everything of veracity and sense.

Fox film folk have gone thumbs down on all controversial matter. The hiring house managers are commanded to delete from the newsreels all "clips showing breadlines." The coupon-clippers don't mind the breadlines, they do mind the headline "clips". The managers must delete also any-

thing that might be even remotely construed as bolshevistic propaganda. This from a shop that has been manufacturing the shoddiest anti-soviet films. It is said the thumbs down was provoked by the split reception to a picture disporting Mussolini. It was O. K. as long as the audience applauded, but when Il Duce was razzed, there was a murmur in the heart of Fox. The movie becomes increasingly self-protective. It is, after all, the response and agent of the class that produces it.

But a dilemma cleaves this class. Its worst enemy is its best friend. It fears the very source of relief for its critical condition. Therefore it boycotts a commodity it needs, wood pulp, from the Soviet Union. Therefore it torments itself with pictures of a monstrosity called the Five-Year Plan, which, at the same, it tries to laugh down. A Publisher recently said to me: "A couple of years ago, you couldn't sell a book on Russia. Now such a book is a best-seller,

because American pockets are being agitated by the Five-Year Plan." And Pathe issues a series of newreels on the Plan with Professor Counts at the microphone. Pathe' with extra caution advises the audience the newreels are impartial, that Pathe has absolutely no axe to grind. Further neutralization of the Soviet item is arranged for in the clip that follows—at one place, the Fish peddles the red herring!

Yet there will be those who insist the movie is no more than a "passing amusement." John P. Miller, officer in charge a recruiting station in Philly, compliments the Fox film folk on their submarine picture, *Seas Beneath*. In a letter to the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, he says: "It is believed that its value as an aid to navy publicity is unquestionable." Enlistments in the U. S. Navy have been "stimulated materially" by the picture. Hasn't Fox any thumbs down on this propaganda? At the same time, Warner Brothers opens its studio to the Army Signal Corps to train officers in making talkies. Later a studio will be opened in the national capital for reserve officers. The film capital is teachers' training school. Vitaphone's chief engineer is a colonel, as well as an executive of the technical bureau of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He is the professor in the technical phases for the officers' training. Interests—business and governmental—dovetail neatly in the house of Amusement. So neatly do they dovetail that the Cooperative Marketing division of the Department of Agriculture issues a film on the "lowly prune" which shows "the pickers at work, a happy"—oh so happy—"industrious looking group of young people." The government serves the Little Jack Horner who gets the plum and the public gets movies that are full of prunes.

PORTRAIT

(of a president?)

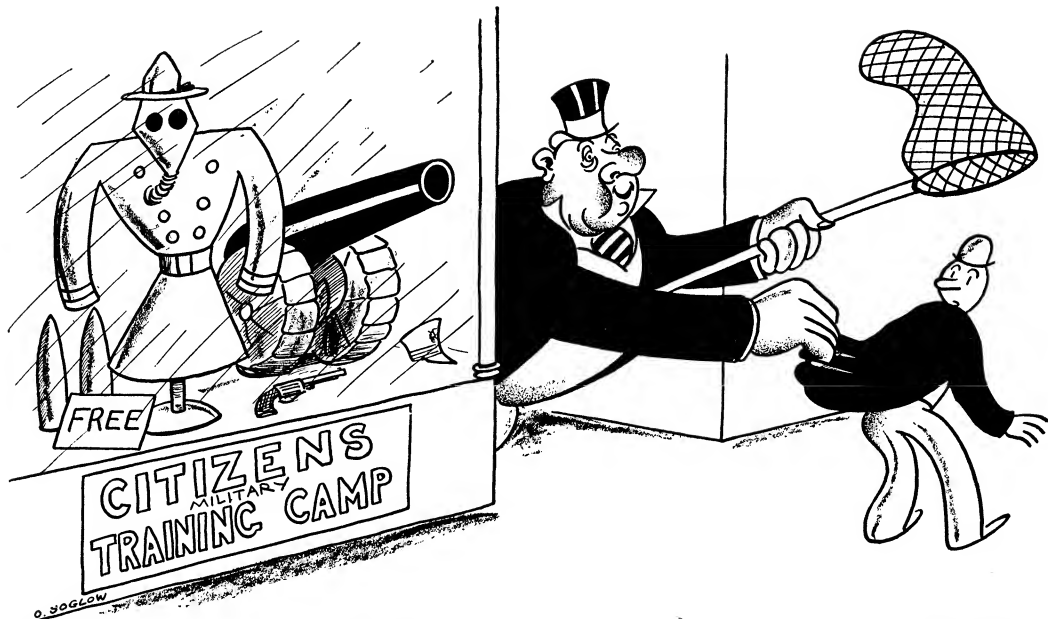
Built square
built big
brick-built
(with a hat on)
all man.

Built square
built big
piano-built
all man
(with a hat on).

Choking collar
tight shoes
and all between
pure blubber
(with a hat on).

BOB BROWN

MAY, 1931



THE HUNTING SEASON BEGINS

Otto Soglow

The Autobiography of LINCOLN STEFFENS

John Dos Passos

"It will be particularly valuable to get Steffens' picture of the transition from the period that formed him, when a man could still believe in democracy, reform, the honest man and the inherent goodness of American institutions, to our intenser narrower age. I hope he hasn't held anything back."



Charles Erskine Scott Wood

"I do not see how Lincoln Steffens dares write his autobiography or anyone publish it. He always tells the truth. He has been the literary stormy petrel crying above revolutions. God—I don't see how he dares print."

"And Jesus laughed and laughed"

From Jack Reed's *Sangar*, dedicated to Lincoln Steffens after the MacNamara Case Settlement.

Lincoln Steffens started out thinking men were to blame.

He met the men—the politicians, bosses, thieves, crooks, police captains, bankers—and liked them personally; and they liked him.

"I know what you are," said Is Durham, political boss of Philadelphia. "You're a born crook what's gone straight."

"You, frinstance," said Bill Devery, the crooked police chief whom Steffens' paper ousted, "you bin a good friend o' mine, and you ain't my friend at all. I mean, —oh hell, I don't know what I mean, do you?"

"So, slowly, painfully, and dumbly," says Steffens, "through years of exposing it without seeing it, I learned what the New Masses and Worker see the first time a cop's club clips them on the head. You have no conception of my difficulty in seeing, and seeing, to believe what to you is obvious all the time."

Steffens' book is the story of his learning to unlearn and so, to see. It is humorous, vivid, full of untold stories and the stuff that life is made of.



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The N. Y. Tribune's idea of Lincoln Steffens after playing peacemaker.



BOOKS

Reviewed by Robert Cruden, Melvin Levy, Hugo Gellert.

Labor and Textiles, by Robert W. Dunn and Jack Hardy. International Publishers. Board \$1.00. Cloth \$2.00.

Perhaps in no industry in America are class lines drawn more distinctly than in textiles. On one side there is a small group of wealthy capitalists drawing in to themselves ever increasing profits, squeezing out their smaller competitors, paving the way for large textile mergers. Aligned with this group are all the forces of the state—the police, the militia, the judiciary. United with it in fact, if not in name, is the spineless bureaucracy of the United Textile Workers, the A. F. of L. Union. That is the capitalist camp—small, efficient, prepared. Arrayed against it are the textile workers of America—nearly 800,000 of them—poor, misled, but militant! Coming into the leadership of these masses is the National Textile Workers Union, a small but determined organization which from its baptism of fire at Gastonia to its recent struggle in Lawrence has gained the loyalty of thousands of textile workers. That is the picture presented in *Labor and Textiles*, a book in the useful Labor and Industry Series prepared by the Labor Research Association.

It is a picture whose very materials have been taken from life. Profits, for example. We have been told incessantly that textile companies are running at a loss. It is pointed out in this book that when the companies are not hiding their profits they are on the whole quite prosperous. In New Bedford, for instance between 1920 and 1929 the lowest average dividend rate was 8.45%; the highest was 34.40%! In 1928, 70 "representative mills of the South" paid from 4 to 60% in dividends. But this is not enough for the textile barons. There are too many mills, too much competition. So mergers are being forced through, small companies are being driven to the wall. The banks are coming into the saddle. For the workers this means lower wages, worse conditions, mass unemployment.

It is almost inconceivable that textile wages can be cut. "Earnings of \$12, \$15 and \$16 a week are not uncommon for heads of families working in textile mills. Girls' wages run from \$7 to \$11." Pages of the book give statistics and statements from workers to prove this. The authors conclude that "the earnings of Massachusetts cotton mill operatives in 1928 would have to be 28% greater to equal the Lawrence ('minimum subsistence') budget set up by the National Industrial Conference Board." Workers in the Carolinas need from 94 to 139% higher wages to get by on a minimum budget of "health and decency". Can you imagine the look on the faces of these workers when William Green, the \$12,000 a year President of the A. F. of L. tells them, "It is our desire to help make more profits for the employers"?

The chapters on conditions of work remind one of Engels on *The Condition of the English Working-class*. Some 45% of the workers are women; children below 16 comprise 5%. Both women and children work as long and under the same conditions as men, law or no law. In some states the kids can be worked 60 hours weekly legally! In two states their exploitation is limited to 44 hours. "Inadequate as they are these laws are flouted by the mill owners and are practically a dead letter in some states."

Accidents are on the increase. Between 1916 and 1928 the best mills showed an increase of 2% in frequency and 32% in severity. Cold figures to shroud untold suffering! Tuberculosis ravages the workers. The government found "deaths from TB among textile workers 100% greater than among the general population." And then there is pellagra, the leprosy of the poor. In North Carolina alone there were 607 deaths reported in the first six months of last year. "This makes the pellagra death rate there at least three times that of Italy in its worst year, when the whole world was alarmed over the scourge of pellagra among that country's 'pauper population.'"

Such conditions feed the flames of revolt. To keep them down the bosses have company unions, maintain company magazines, dole out group insurance, pay occasional—very occasional—bonuses. In the south they pay the teachers and the preachers. No dangerous thought shall disturb the mill people! If they do, the disciplined organizations of the bosses come boldly to the fore, ready to repress the rebellion. If they fail, the forces of the state will back them. Or the more cunning of them simply join hands with the U. T. W.

In this the bosses have learned from experience. Since 1850, when Fall River spinners struck six months for shorter hours, the textile industry has been the scene of bitter, bloody class struggles. Recently we have witnessed the epic battles of Passaic, New Bedford, Gastonia; the Marion Massacre; the Great Betrayal at Danville. Eight years after the first strike the first national organization came into being. It failed. At sporadic intervals thereafter other unions were formed. It was not until the organization of the U. T. W. in 1901 that a lasting union was founded. The U. T. W. was at first opposed to "organized capital" but two years after its founding it began appealing to "friendly employers" and since then it has followed a policy whose fruits are Danville and Elizabethton.

At various times militants have organized other unions but they have gone under. The only revolutionary union now in the field is the National Textile Workers Union, formed in 1928. Its activities since then are common knowledge—or ought to be. The difficulties in its way are great, as the authors indicate, but "it is clear that only a union with such a militant program can line up the textile workers for a fight for improvements in day-to-day conditions as well as for the final abolition of the capitalist system of exploitation."

ROBERT CRUDEN

Stories of Workers

Lumber, by Louis Colman, Little Brown & Co. \$2.00.

Bottom Dogs, by Edward Dahlberg. Simon and Shuster. \$2.00.

Darkness at Noon, by Harry Carlisle. Horace Liveright. \$2.50

The literature of the proletariat develops from two sources. First, of course, there is that which comes from the militant worker himself or from the intellectual who has cast his lot with him and bends his talent to the conscious expression of workingclass problems and aims. But perhaps equally as important—and certainly as significant—is that writing which deals with the worker, and as a class; not because the writer *intends* it to, but because the powerful stirring of the proletariat has forced itself upon him without his will, impregnated him with the knowledge as a fact of that which he might not be willing to admit even to himself. Into this classification belong the three books reviewed here. In the Charkov sense of proletarian literature as that written for, by and of proletarians, they do not, of course, belong. Some of the writers certainly—perhaps all of them—are not workers; nor have they written to workers. But they have written *of* workers. And not workers merely as human beings who happen to be in coal mines or lumber mills instead of bank directors' chairs, and who love and hate (as publishers' blurbs are apt to have it) without reference to their class. No, in *Darkness at Noon*, in *Lumber*, and in *Bottom Dogs*, we see men and women in situations which could not occur to ministers or merchants.

Louis Colman's *Lumber*, for instance, though it has no revolutionary ideology, is a proletarian novel in a way that even the *Iron Heel*, which states Marxist principles, but whose people are college teachers and financiers, is not. Colman's whole story, the direction of the lives of the people he writes of, their morals, their

sufferings and joys, could occur only among workers, and are general to the workingclass. The fable is ostensibly of Jimmie, a mill-worker. But really it is not of *Jimmie*, but of every man who works in the lumber mills—even of any man who works—and of his family. If the protagonist went to work while he was still a boy, it was not because of some break in his fortunes, some crisis that turned the manner of his life; but because his father was also a worker, and because the uncertainty and danger of a worker's life in itself is destructive of the bourgeois concept of the protective family life. And if his life and that of his wife and children end with catastrophe, it is not a *personal* catastrophe, avoidable by individual shrewdness, but a thing that could happen to any man who sometimes works and has money and sometimes can find neither labor nor wages.

Colman is completely innocent of the accepted terminology of many (too many) of our class writers. He never, for instance, mentions the class struggle: perhaps he is hardly aware of it. Yet in every point in his book we see the class struggle, inevitable, above the will of the writer or his characters.

Much of the background of *Lumber* is laid against the persecution of the Wobblies in Washington and Oregon in 1919. Many of the details are changed, but we recognize Centralia here, expressed better, I think, than I have ever seen it.

Bottom Dogs does not deal with workers in the precise sense that *Lumber* does; rather with that group, more or less common to a developing capitalism, who are on the edge; but who in our time (and that of the book) are being forced downward, and who—precisely because they lack the workingclass tradition and stability—are more helpless, more prey to poverty than the actual proletariat.

The book has now been published long enough to make any retelling of the story here superfluous. It is enough to note that much of it occurs in an orphan asylum and that in a bleak, powerful, moving style, without any reformist-sentimentality or muck-raking-sensationalism, Edward Dahlberg reveals the horrible institution run by a christly church and a benevolent state for the sole benefit of the children of the poor.

Darkness at Noon is in many ways the best of these three novels. It is a story of the English coal mines before the war when, the author says, "coal was indeed the backbone of the British Empire whereas now it is a decaying nerve system." The book comes, apparently, out of a very real and intimate connection with the mines. The descriptions of work and of the constant driving for more and more production at no matter what cost are powerful and terrible.

The story is of a miner who is trying to get out of the pits. His aim is toward the security of petty-bourgeois life. If he fails, to be sure, it is not for social reasons but because of the viciousness of the woman he marries; yet we are forced to recognize that the reasons for the failure are intrinsic to Red Shean's life. If he had not lost for one reason he would have for another. The terrible disease of the eyes that finally affects him is common to miners. And the only way out is suggested in the person of a youthful Socialist. (This is *before* the war.)

MELVIN P. LEVY

First Picture Pamphlet

The Paris Commune, a story in pictures by William Siegel, sponsored by the John Reed Club, published by International Pamphlets, price 10c.

Bill Siegel deserves credit for the first proletarian picture pamphlet in America. 20 drawings, together with a foreword, give a dramatic account of the French Revolution. The pamphlet is excellent, worthy of its task, commemorating the heroic struggles of the Communards. You get a vivid idea of what had taken place during those days.

Alexander Trachtenberg wrote the introduction. The drawings show their maker, William Siegel, at his best. The woodcut style of the drawings helps to recapture the spirit of the past century and the pictures are full of excitement. It's a swell job and should be distributed by the ten thousand.

HUGO GELLERT

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Wm. Z. Foster

Sec'y Trade Union Unity League

vs.

A. J. Muste

Chairman Conference for Progressive Labor Action

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THEATRE

The Mooney-Billings Frameup

It is refreshing to sit once more in a theatre and witness a play like *Precedent* now showing at the Provincetown Theatre in New York—so vital in its theme and straightforward in its appeal that at the close the audience, (composed largely of working class and liberal elements) is moved to greet the curtain appearance of the hero with cheers and welcome the villains with boos and hisses.

Precedent is frankly propagandistic, championing the cause of Mooney and Billings who fifteen years ago were railroaded to a California prison because they refused to betray their men then engaged in a strike against the powerful street railway interests of San Francisco. The play follows closely the facts of this frame-up, one of the most notorious in a long history of frame-ups of American labor. Places and names are only thinly disguised,—perhaps sufficiently to prevent "libel" suits in the Golden State?

Beginning with the unsuccessful attempt of the president of the Queen City Railway Co. to bribe Tom Delaney (Mooney) to call off the threatened strike of its employees, the author takes his audience into the offices of the company, where the plan to "get Delaney" is worked out, by company officials and the district prosecuting attorney. Delaney is arrested on a charge of having bombed the Preparadeness Day parade, which resulted in ten killed and many injured. Although at the time of the bombing Delaney was more than one mile from the scene of the disaster. Successive scenes portray the gathering of perjured testimony, by the district attorney, through threatening and bribing of witnesses; and the long battle of Delaney's friends to win his freedom. The play closes with a view of Delaney still behind the bars, and his wife and friend repeating plaintively, almost hopelessly, "Yes, we must try something new."

The ending typifies the inherent weaknesses of the play. The author is not equal to his subject. Although he senses the class nature of the frame-up of Mooney and Billings, he does not comprehend or depict the system that makes such frame-ups a matter of course. Nor does he realize the alternative to this—that it was the vigorous protest of the indignant masses of this country and the Soviet Union that originally forced the commutation from death sentence to life imprisonment, and that Mooney and Billings will only be freed by similar action today.

In other words, *Precedent* presents not a revolutionary but merely a liberal interpretation of the case, and the play loses both socially and dramatically thereby.

Gods of the Lightning, based in a more general way on the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, was similarly handicapped by its author's unclear point of view, yet in the latter there is a mass feeling and a rebellious note that places it on a higher basis.

Nevertheless, for all its limitations, the play now running at the Provincetown is a moving spectacle and a timely one. No small credit for this is due to the quality of the acting of Royal Dana Tracey, who plays the part of Delaney and who bears a startling resemblance to Tom Mooney.

MYRA PAGE

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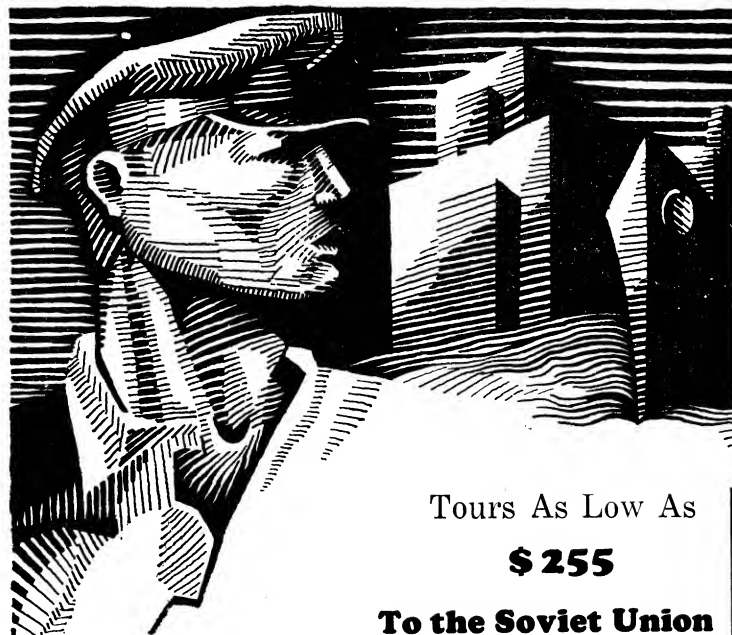


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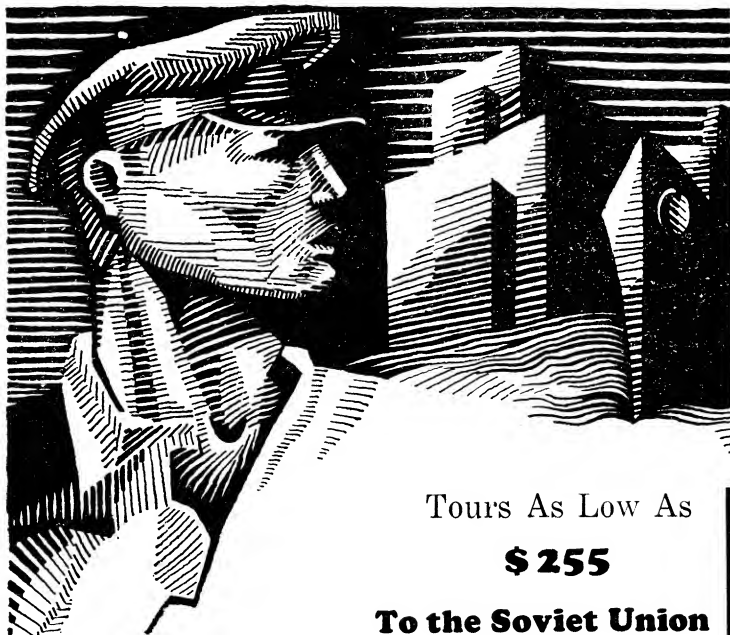
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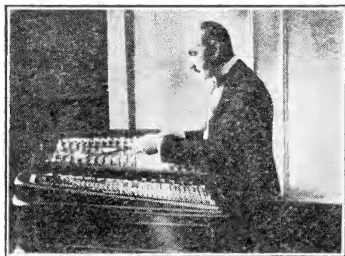
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MOSCOW THEATRE

I don't know whether any news of the International Theatre recently launched in Leningrad has yet percolated down your way. This theatre has been organized a few months ago with the aim of eventually staging Russian productions in German and English. Moscow picks up the idea now, regisseurs are fumbling with it, hunting for appropriate stage and actors.

The problem of picking a cast for an English-language theatre in Moscow is bound to present tremendous obstacles. But we may as well cheer up. The Russians have become famous for their adept manner in disposing of obstacles. If mole-hills can become mountains, this magic formula works the other way around just as well, and no doubt the proper shock-brigades will be mobilized for the work in hand.

This International Theatre while planned for the foreign workers here (who are surprisingly immune to the effects of Russian language on their intelligence), its role is destined to be much broader. Putting on Russian plays in English and German for the political entertainment of foreigners who live here for years and never pierce beneath the surface of Soviet life is all in all a questionable investment. It may entertain them, but the Soviet Theatre does not go in for entertainment on a lavish scale. The theatre must be more—it must become a dynamo feeding its electric currents of inspiration to the proletarian world of drama which today has not a shake of chance for production in the regular theatres. While the repertoire of Russian plays will be rich and various, the International Theatre will go in for the obscure and suppressed plays which sleep in the trunks of the defiant rebels who wrote them. The Verboten Play would enjoy a special production, and in time even an Olympiad of Verboten Plays could be staged which would act as a new point of orientation for many playwrights of genuine merit whose offerings are rudely cold-shouldered by the big bosses of the rialto.

The International Theatre in Leningrad is still in its swaddling clothes, and language experiments have not yet been made. Everything is in flux. But the Theatre is ready, and the preparations assure us of big things to come. Steps are being taken to secure a cast, and select a repertoire, and plan the work for the last two years of the Five Year Plan.

Bread by Kirshon—

Collectivization continues to be a major Soviet issue in 1931. The other name for collectivization is "Bread". Despite victories already gained, the war against the Kulacks and opportunists continues. What war? How is it waged? What does it mean? These questions are made clear to the Moscow public by Kirshon's play *Bread* which is making a huge hit in the First Art Theatre. (American readers will recall Kirshon as co-author of *Red Rust*, the play which the Theatre Guild presented last year in its own, and most "Americanized" version.)

Bread deals with the psychology of the peasantry, and the right and wrong ways of approaching the problem of collectivization. The fact that collectivization still means the conversion of an illiterate peasantry to the ways of science and that it is all uphill work is vividly brought out by the superb acting of the famous cast. A youthful student just returned from abroad is entrusted with the task of collecting grain in a certain village. His behavior antagonizes the peasantry and brings his throat very close to a Kulack blade. The seasoned Party-man goes to the village to look after the progress there, finds everything in turmoil. How he handles the problem and makes the simple peasants understand—and how he foils the efforts of assassins to "put him on the spot" certainly gives one an evening of thrills and chills. . . .

The end is particularly good. The Communist's life is saved largely through the efforts of his good friend Mihailko. The peasants stand around him congratulating him. "And you owe your life and victory to Mihailko," they tell him.

"Mihailko?" says the hero. "There's Mihailko," and his hand-sweep takes in the stage. "Look," he continues. "There is Mihailko" and his gesture includes the audience which breaks into wild applause.

Bread is an extremely timely and gripping play.

Moscow, U. S. S. R.

ED FALKOWSKI



DEMONSTRATION

William Hernandez

California Students Club

Editors of *New Masses*:

We are delighted to announce the formation of a group of students interested in economic, political, and social problems. Our constitution calls for discussion of capitalism vs. communism; imperialism, world markets, unemployment, and social insurance; also the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. A final clause registers our opposition to militarism, particularly as manifested in the R. O. T. C. courses in the universities.

We welcome communications from student clubs of similar nature in this country and elsewhere. These should be addressed to *Social Problems Club, University of California, 1340 Josephine St. Berkeley, Calif.*

New Children's Magazine

The first issue of the new children's magazine, *The Pioneer* will appear May first. In format, contents, and general tone, the *Pioneer* gives evidence of a new turn in the proletarian children's movement.

Something about the magazine is bound to catch the fancy of every worker's child.

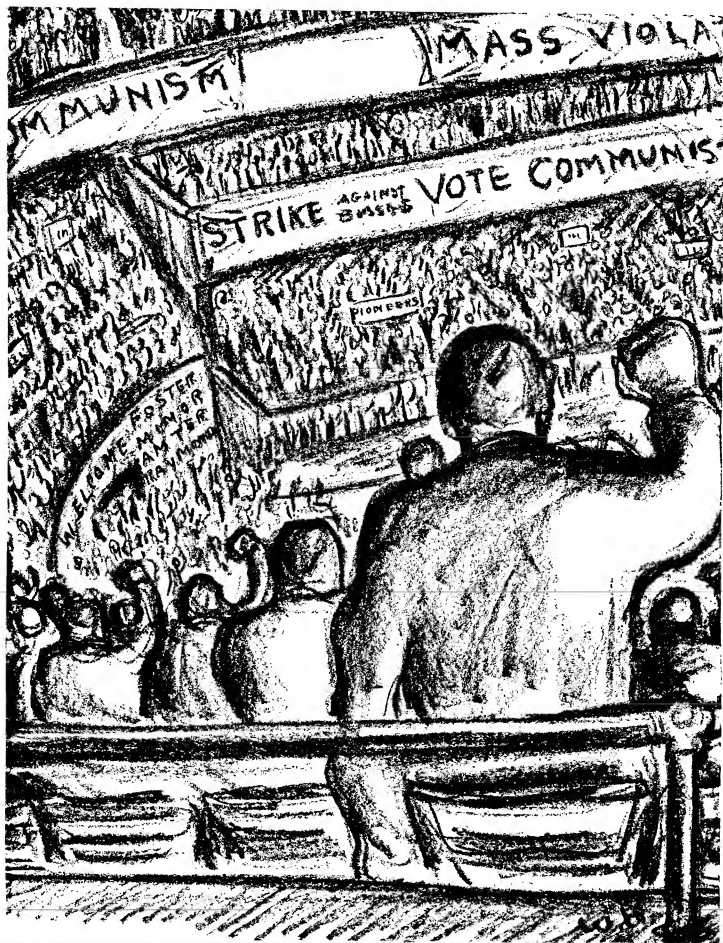
The first issue, with its colored cover by Preval, contains a May Day story by a sixteen year old youth, Irving Trauber, illustrated by Hugo Gellert, Bill Haywood's boyhood experiences, illustrated by Bill Gropper; a baseball story by Al Roberts, with drawings by Wally, a story of white and Negro children in the south by Myra Page, illustrated by Lydia Gibson; Hap jingles illustrated by Soglow, popular science, How to Make, How to Pitch, drawings, stories and letters from children, and various other features.

In order to put the magazine within the reach of every worker's and farmer's child the price is placed at five cents a copy, or fifty cents for a year's subscription.

New Masses readers and contributors are asked to write and draw for *The Pioneer*, and to bring it to the attention of their young friends.

Address all correspondence to *The Pioneer*, Box 28, Station D, New York City.

NEW MASSES



DEMONSTRATION

William Hernandez

WORKERS' ART

New York

Beginning with the April issue, the first number of *The Workers Theatre*, a new publication in mimeographed form has been issued by the Workers Laboratory Group of 131 W. 28 St. It is attractively bound and carries items of unusual interest: on "The Rise of the Workers Theatre", a letter from the Blue Blouse theatre of Russia, "Unemployed", an original one-act tableau-play, and other items including books on the theatre and one-act plays available for workers groups. It is the first American publication of its kind intelligently edited, attractive and deserving of attention. Isn't there someone in this country able to supply the few needed American kopecks so that a necessary and so well edited a magazine can appear in printed form? It would speed the growth of an American Workers Theatre.

Art Exhibit

The John Reed Club-Proletpen exhibit in New York, held for three weeks in April, was attended by some 2,000 workers. Special evenings of lectures, discussions, recitations and poetry readings held in connection with the exhibit, were arranged by the John Reed Club, the Proletpen (Jewish Proletarian Art group) the Hammer & Sickle Group (Russian writers) and other workers' clubs.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST, 24, 1912.

Of New Masses, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1931.

State of New York: County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frances Strauss, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the New Masses, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher: New Masses, Inc., 112 E. 19 St., N. Y. C. Editor: Michael Gold, 112 E. 19 St., N. Y. C. Managing Editor: Walt Carmon, 112 E. 19 St., N. Y. C. Business Manager: Frances Strauss.

2. That the owner is: The American Fund for Public Service, 2 West 13 St., N. Y. C. James Weldon Johnson, Pres., 2 West 13 St., New York City; Robert W. Dunn, Sec'y, 2 West 13 St., N. Y. C.; Morris L. Ernst, Treas., 2 West 13 St., New York City.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1931.

FRANCES STRAUSS, Business Manager.

Peter K. Hawley, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1931)

Over 500 workers school children from Brooklyn and the Bronx attended on special days. The exhibit included over 100 drawings and sculpture by some 30 artists and sculptors. Many drawings and paintings were sold at unusually low prices set for workers.

WORKER'S MUSIC

The John Reed Club, at a recent meeting elected a Music Committee, which includes a number of composers and poets. The following are the aims of this committee: (1) Creation of Songs, expressing and projecting the class struggle. (2) Aiding workers in the creation of such songs; (a) workers having "tunes in their head", but unable to put them down on paper; (b) workers insufficiently versed in writing music; (c) workers having lyrics; all the above mentioned will be assisted in their contributions. For further details get in touch with the Music Committee of the John Reed Club, 102 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Detroit

The John Reed Club of Detroit, with a membership of 20, was formed after the first meeting, last week in April. An exhibit of *New Masses* artists, shown in Chicago last month, with the work of the John Reed Club artists of that city, is being planned for Detroit together with the work of local artists. Temporarily, those interested can communicate with Robert Cruden, 1799 Eason St, Detroit, Mich.

Jacob Burck—staff artist of the *Daily Worker*, is now at work on a series of lithographs of working class life.

Joseph Kalar—lumber-mill worker of Minnesota, contributor to *Left*, *Morada* and other publications, is at present among the unemployed.

Esther Shemitz—painter, member of the N. Y. John Reed Club makes her first appearance in *New Masses*.

Langston Hughes—author of *Not Without Laughter*, is now in Cleveland, Ohio directing a theatrical group.

Phil Bard—19 year old N. Y. artist, has just completed a pamphlet story in pictures on militarism and unemployment for which Bob Minor has written an introduction.

Bob Brown—poet, contributor to the old *Masses*, now lives near Paris, France.

Mitchel Siporin—young artist of the Chicago John Reed Club, made his first appearance in the April issue of *New Masses*.

Adolph Dehn—contributing editor of *New Masses*, has an exhibition of his work in New York, until May 9, at the Weyhe Galleries, 794 Lexington Ave.

Hugo Gellert—contributor to the old *Masses* and *Liberator*, was one of the founders of *New Masses*.



Agnes Smedley—whose first novel *Daughter of Earth* was published last year, was born in Oklahoma. She later lived in Colorado mining camps and taught school there at the age of 14. A few years later she went to California and worked her way thru normal school. During the war she came to New York, worked on the *New York Call* and was active in the Freedom For India movement for which she spent 6 months in prison at the height of the war hysteria. She has since written for many American and European publications and is now in China as correspondent for the *Franfurter Zeitung*. She is a contributing editor of *New Masses*.

IN THIS ISSUE

N. Cikovsky—who designed the cover for this issue, makes his first appearance in *New Masses*. He is a New York painter, exhibitor at leading galleries, member of the N. Y. John Reed Club.

Esther Lowell—well known labor journalist now in California, is a correspondent for the Federated Press, contributor to the *Labor Defender* and other publications.

William Hernandez—Seaman, Runner in Wall Street, Harvest hand, young artist, is a newcomer to *New Masses* in the past year and lives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. B. Magil—delegate to the Charkov Conference of Revolutionary writers held last November in Soviet Russia, has just completed a speaking tour thru the East and Middle-West for the Friends of the Soviet Union.

Otto Soglow—has provided considerably more laughter in this cockeyed world with his satirical drawings in *New Masses*, *New Yorker*, *Judge* and other American publications.

Scott Nearing—author of many volumes, is now in Berlin making a study of the economic situation in Germany.



Agnes Smedley—whose first novel *Daughter of Earth* was published last year, was born in Oklahoma. She later lived in Colorado mining camps and taught school there at the age of 14. A few years later she went to California and worked her way thru normal school. During the war she came to New York, worked on the *New York Call* and was active in the Freedom For India movement for which she spent 6 months in prison at the height of the war hysteria. She has since written for many American and European publications and is now in China as correspondent for the *Franfurter Zeitung*. She is a contributing editor of *New Masses*.



The First American Pamphlet In Pictures

THE PARIS COMMUNE—A Story in Pictures—By William Siegel. 10 cents

One of the best liked *New Masses* artists has produced the first pamphlet in pictures telling the story of the great moment which Marx described as the time "when the workers were storming heaven".

Other New Titles: **THE STORY OF MAY DAY**—by Alexander Trachtenberg; **SOCIAL INSURANCE**—by Grace M. Burnham; **YOUTH IN INDUSTRY**—by Grace Hutchins. (10 Cents Each)

Previously published: **THE HERITAGE OF GENE DEBS** by Alexander Trachtenberg; **STEVE KATOVIS** by Joseph North & A. B. Magil; **THE**

FRAME-UP SYSTEM by Vern Smith; **YANKEE COLONIES** by Harry Gannes; **SPEEDING UP THE WORKERS** by James Barnett; **THE STRUGGLE OF THE MARINE WORKERS** by N. Sparks (20 cents); **WORK OR WAGES** by Grace M. Burnham; **CHEMICAL WARFARE** by Donald A. Cameron; **WAR IN THE FAR EAST** by Henry Hall; **MODERN FARMING-SOVIET STYLE** by Anna Louise Strong (10 cents each).

Complete set, 14 pamphlets. Postpaid \$1.50

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A young Soviet engineer, M. Ilin, who "writes like a poet", has written a simple, fascinating story of the five year plan. The book was published in Soviet Russia under the title *The Story of the Great Plan*. Beautifully illustrated, it is the choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Professor Counts of Columbia writes in the introduction. "The book is literally fascinating. Practically every page carries the mark of genius."

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